



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE proposed Manitoulin and North Shore Railway ought to receive all possible encouragement from the citizens of Toronto. We are perhaps more vitally interested than any other people in Ontario in having New Ontario developed, and in having the development proceed in such a way that this city will not be sidetracked as a distributing and wholesale center in favor of Montreal or any eastern city. The securing of the handling of a portion of the western grain traffic, which might be the result of an air line to Collingwood in conjunction with the improvement of the St. Lawrence canals, would perhaps mean a good deal to Toronto, but on the other hand it might not mean more than the building of a few elevators and the addition of a few score of cheap laborers and their families to our population. On the other hand, it is of vital interest to Toronto to maintain its position as the commercial and financial metropolis of the Province, and especially to push its claims as the natural base of supplies for the new country that is being opened up to the north. Winnipeg, which is becoming more and more a commercial and manufacturing city, has grown as the resources of the surrounding country have been developed. So must Toronto do. Let us get the grain trade if we can, but let us see that we are not jockeyed out of selling the settlers of New Ontario their groceries, dry goods, shoe leather, and other necessities.

The Manitoulin and North Shore Railway Company, it is said, are prepared to guarantee the actual settlement of the country. In this connection, the following figures are worth studying: Between 1881 and 1891 the foreign-born population in Canada increased only 38,141, although the Dominion during that period expended \$2,894,300 on immigration, \$20,000,000 on public works, and over \$67,000,000 towards aiding railway construction. If the company are required to bring into New Ontario 10,000 settlers or artisans, this would practically mean an increased population of 40,000, which is greater than that obtained by the Dominion after the expenditure of the vast sums above mentioned.

It is interesting, if somewhat depressing, to observe the amount of space devoted by the weekly illustrated papers both of Europe and of this continent to lugubrious subjects, such as funerals, death-beds, sick-chambers, and battle-fields. The past year has been especially prolific of these morbid subjects, and it is unfortunately almost impossible to pick up any of the pictorial publications without being reminded that, speaking paradoxically, one of the principal businesses of life is dying. We have had in rapid succession the Boer war, the illness and death and funeral of Queen Victoria, the illness of the Empress Frederick, the death of Verdi, of ex-President Harrison, and of a score of more commonplace personages, and each of these has been made the subject of a great deal of morbid detail. It seems to me that this is being converted into an unnecessarily funeral world. The death of even a great and good man or woman ought not to be set forth as the most important and picturesque kind of event obtainable for illustration; yet just as an example of what is being forced on the attention of readers, I find that in last week's "Harper's" and "Collier's Weekly" alone there were no less than nineteen pictures of the hearse, coffin, grave, pall-bearers, and similar details of General Harrison's funeral.

What the public really needs in this day is something to cheer it up, something that partakes of the joyousness of a spring morning and that echoes the lilt of the robins who sing because the world is a good place, and because it is a blessing to be alive. Everybody has had enough of the lugubrious and black. There is no reason why the morbid details of death and burial should forever be forced on people who have troubles of their own.

Some one has, with a sardonic stroke, written down the Victorian age as the "Victorian undertaking age," and after all there is a good deal of truth in the grim humor of the phrase. The luxury of grief in which the late Queen indulged for a third of a century, while it was very womanly and entirely admirable as an expression of wifely loyalty, had not altogether a wholesome influence on popular taste and fashion. People everywhere came to have a morbid passion for undertaking. They hungered after hearses and thirsted for funerals. The simple laying away of the out-worn tenement of the spirit became a more and more elaborate ceremonial of woe. Black bombazine, black crepe, black hearses, black horses, black plumes, black gloves, black-edged paper, black-bordered handkerchiefs, black widow's weeds, smooth-shaven men in black suits with black looks on their faces, black bands on their black coat-sleeves, and long black weepers on their high black hats, came into vogue as never before. This is pre-eminently the age of showy and extravagant grief. The undertaker, the coffin-maker, and the tombstone man flourish as never before. We give our dead funerals miles in length. We erect mortuary monuments that add new horrors to death, and we carve on them epitaphs that he who runs may read. Some of us have become so morbidly conscious of the value of correct funeral etiquette that we leave minute directions in our wills as to the disposal of our poor untenanted clay and the attendant ceremonies.

It strikes me that the spending of so much thought, money and time upon what ought to be a simple and tender act is all wrong. To mourn the departed is natural and right. The best hearts are those capable of the most poignant grief. But the deepest sorrow does not display itself for measurement by the cold, cynical eye of the world. And there is no reason why death should be magnified into proportions that overshadow life itself. The illustrated papers to the contrary, notwithstanding, the main business of this world is living, not dying. Death is but the least important thing to be recorded of a mortal. It is not the sentence, but only the period at the end of the sentence. It is the full stop to a life good or evil, sordid or heroic, brief or burdened with many years. When the great and the good die, let us have the scenes and pictures of their struggles, triumphs, and perchance of their reverses, rather than the meaningless repetition of graveyard engravings with which we are now invariably regaled.

AND speaking of this, the thought occurs that even in our religion we have perhaps laid too much stress on the sombre things. This week, Christendom has been contemplating the hollow trial conducted before Pontius Pilate over nineteen hundred years ago, and the awful tragedy that followed it on the little hill outside the walls of Jerusalem. But to-morrow our thoughts will be turned to the glad and triumphant hour of the Resurrection. It is possible that the Church has never apportioned correctly the significance of these two events in the story of the life of Jesus. For centuries the Crucifixion has been preached as the central fact of the Gospel. The sacrificial mission of the Saviour and the doctrine of vicarious atonement have been drilled into the ears of men from every pulpit and by every sect. After all, is not the Resurrection the more significant and helpful part of the story? One speaks of such a matter with a softer voice and writes of it with a slower pen, but the execution of Jesus has

always seemed to me a repellent subject, and I know of many persons who cannot square the doctrine of vicarious atonement with any conception of justice or logic. All, however, are attracted by the story of the resurrected body of Him who walked and worked in Galilee, and though the incident does not appeal to reason, it does appeal strangely and wonderfully to faith. This is not intended to be a sermon. There are those whose duty it is to expound these things, who can deal with them at greater length and with more authority than I. Yet it is perhaps not out of place for a layman to suggest that the emphasis laid by religionists upon the killing of Jesus, with the teaching of the doctrines that have grown up about that phase of the story, have obscured the real lesson and the chief beauty of the message.

JUDGE ARCHIBALD'S judgment in the Delpit case is a clear and well-reasoned statement of the supreme position of the civil authority over all ecclesiastical authority in the matter of marriage. Scarcely anyone will question the soundness of Judge Archibald's conclusions, except the prelates and cloister politicians who have an interest at stake in bolstering up the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to exercise authority over its members without regard to civil enactments. At the time the Del-

mittees, and the prevalence of lobbying have strengthened the idea that the railway, street railway, gas, and electric light magnates are practically running Ontario, and though Opposition members have had as many fingers in the pie as the Cabinet Ministers and their supporters have had, it should be borne in mind by Premier Ross that the Government stands to lose more than the Opposition if the impression becomes widespread that the Legislature works as the corporations pull the string. Mr. Jim Conmee of West Algoma is too zealous in the defence of the privileges of franchise holders to be a source of strength to the Ross Government as one of its chief supporters. If the Government were wise, they would shelve this very aggressive gentleman into some nice soft berth and go ahead without him. Mr. Ross may fancy that it ought to be easy to beat the so-called Opposition, and so it should. But the best way of going about it is not the one the Premier seems to be adopting. The Ontario Government had a close call three years ago, and the results of the Dominion general elections in this Province did not add to the sunshine in the picture. Mr. Ross cannot increase his chances of success by further alienating the enthusiasm of the plain people. It would be a good thing if Ontario could have a party that would honestly and strenuously stand up for the rights of municipalities. The companies

teaching hypnotism, and the subject might well be dealt with by the Legislature.

A FLOOD of abuse has been deluged upon the ill-starred Admiral Sampson by the newspapers of the United States as a result of that officer's now famous letter concerning the promotion of warrant officers in the navy. This letter was a strictly confidential document, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. It was mysteriously purloined, and made public just in time to ruin Admiral Sampson's chance of promotion as recommended by the President to Congress. It gave rise to a tremendous amount of "hot air" from the popularity-hunting newspapers and politicians of the United States, and the net result is that one more naval hero of the Spanish war is consigned to limbo by his own countrymen. It is true that the English once shot an admiral for failure to win a victory, but it has remained for the Yankees to over-praise and then execrate successful officers. Brigadier-General Funston is now the popular hero of the United States. If his fate follows that of Dewey, Hobson, and Sampson, he will be forgotten, or merely remembered as the subject of idle bar-room jests, in about two years at the outside.

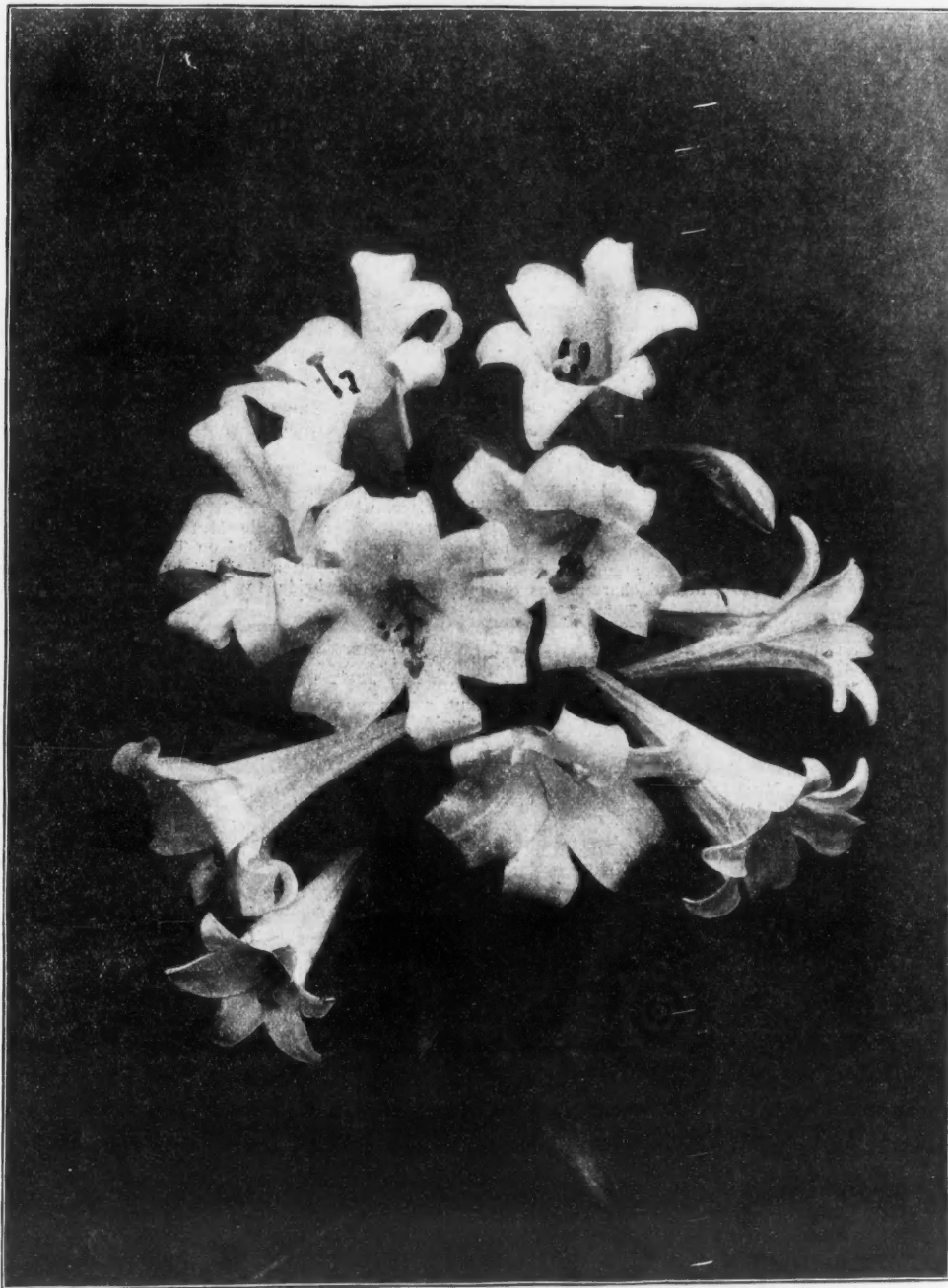
A portion of Admiral Sampson's much-discussed letter to Secretary Long read as follows: "These men are recruited from a class who have not had the social advantages that are a requisite for a commissioned officer. It is submitted that in time of peace the navy's function consists, to a certain extent, of representing the country abroad; and it is important that the navy's representatives should be men of at least refinement. While there are perhaps a certain few among the warrant officers who could fulfil this requirement, I am of the opinion that the vast majority of them could not. Once they are commissioned they will have the same social standing as other officers, and no distinction properly could be made in extending general invitations. The consequences that would arise from their acceptance might not redound to the credit of the navy or the country which the navy represents." From this passage it has been generally inferred that Admiral Sampson is a cad who looks on the navy as a social rather than a military machine. It has been recalled that the Admiral himself is the son of a laborer, and he has therefore been crucified as a snob who looks with lofty disdain on the class from which he himself sprang. One of the very staidest of United States periodicals pronounces him, on the head of this letter, "unfit to command American officers and seamen."

The question raised by this incident is not without its bearing on Canadian life, because in this country there is growing up an aristocratic class at the head of our militia organization. The South African war has given a great boost to society's valuation of the uniform; and the very tendency which the revelations of this war ought to have checked—the tendency to lay stress on the social qualifications of officers—is in danger of being unduly emphasized. Whatever may be said of the gentlemanly deportment and fine personal qualities of the British officer, there is no getting around the fact that he is almost universally regarded as having been a military failure and blunderer in this war. And if this is true, it is equally true that the explanation may be found in the fact that the open sesame to military promotion in the Old Country has been social pull. The British army is not a democratic organization. For the private soldier or non-commissioned officer to rise to position and power in that institution on the basis of proven worth and ability is almost as impossible as it is for fishworms to become butterflies. The only explanation that has ever been offered for the terrible efficiency of Napoleon's armies as fighting machines, is that talent was invariably recognized and encouraged, and everyone, from marshals to drummer-boys, was consequently saturated with the spirit of emulation.

It is quite true, as Admiral Sampson says, that the navy has a social and representative function. It is equally true that seamen and gunners promoted to commissions might not generally carry to their new duties the urbanity and cultivation which a comparatively recent tradition demands of naval officers. Admiral Sampson, for calling attention to this aspect of the matter, hardly merits the disgraceful epithet of "a conceited ass" which one United States Senator has applied to him in a public speech. Yet the real function of a navy or army or of a militia force is as a fighting machine. Its social and representative character is entirely subordinate and secondary. Whatever promotes the main end is desirable, no matter how it conflicts with the incidental functions. On the whole, the rebuke so unanimously administered to Admiral Sampson is called for, and it ought to have a salutary effect on snobbery in the officers' sets of both navy and army across the line. Here in Canada we have no navy and no army within the usual definitions of the terms. But we have a militia that exists for the defence of our country, and the Sampson incident ought not to be lost on those who are seeking to make it, as far as they can, a derelict for dumping social aspirants a course or two higher in the big pyramid they are building in Vanity Fair.

AS will be remembered, a correspondent, in discussing some comments I had made on the impossibility of foretelling the future, proclaimed his faith in astrology, of which he is an amateur student, and volunteered to be put to the test as to whether he could outline the chief characteristics of disposition and career as well as personal appearance of anyone who would furnish him through these columns with correct data as to date, hour and place of birth. The matter has evidently interested a great number of people, for I have been deluged with replies. As I stated last week, there is not the slightest intention on my part of converting "Things in General" into a fortune-telling outfit, yet I am quite willing that this gentleman's claims on behalf of astrology should be good-naturedly investigated. From the bunch of letters before me, I have selected four for this purpose. Number One, female, was born March 13th, 1859, about midnight, fifty miles north-east of Toronto. Number Two, male, was born January 27th, 1861, at 11 a.m. in Toronto. Number Three, female, was born March 15th, 1872, between 8 and 9 a.m., in Brighton, Sussex, England. Number Four, male, was born April 8th, 1837, between 3 and 4 a.m. at Bath, England. If my astrological friend will give us his horoscope of each of these individuals, and the latter will take the readers of "Saturday Night" into their confidence as to accuracy of the readings, the results ought to prove interesting and diverting, if nothing more.

SCARCITY of moderate-sized dwelling houses in Toronto is said to be producing a decided upward tendency in rents as well as the imposition of hard and unusual conditions upon tenants. No city is better placed than Toronto for expansion, and it is regrettable that with hundreds of acres of available building sites on every side there should be reason for complaint about the difficulty of housing the growing population. It is much better for a city to grow outward than upward, and we may congratulate ourselves that so far the tendency here has been for population to scatter rather than to centralize. The



EASTER LILIES.

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pit case first attracted general attention, I expressed the opinion that the public should be slow to judge as between the parties to this dispute. When M. Delpit wrote a long letter to the press asking the public to suspend judgment and making charges against Madame Delpit that, if true, would go a long way to justify him in seeking an annulment of the marriage, I expressed the belief that the husband was the aggrieved party, and was entitled to public sympathy. I have found no reason for modifying that belief. Judge Archibald's decision is not on the merits of the case. It merely asserts the right of Protestant ministers under the law to marry competent persons without reference to the communion to which they belong. That is a proposition which should be unassailable. But if the Delpit case is to be tried on its merits, my sympathies, in common with those of thousands of Protestants, will be inclined to the husband, who, it would appear, suffered from the most atrocious abuse and misconduct in his domestic life, before seeking relief.

THE Ontario Government has both gained and lost in public esteem this session, and it is questionable whether it has not lost more than it has gained. Premier Ross started out bravely to win back some of the popular enthusiasm that had been slipping like sand through the fingers of the Ontario Liberals. Personally, Mr. Ross is above comparison in ability and statesmanlike qualities with any other man on the floor of the Assembly, either to the right or to the left of Mr. Speaker. But after giving promise of a vigorous forward policy he has temporized with almost every question that gave him the opportunity to strike a popular chord. He has temporized with the University question and with the scrap-iron assessment law. He is temporizing with the Temiscaming railway project. In introducing the enabling bill to permit municipal councils to exempt the property of corporations engaged in providing "public services" he has conveyed the very damaging impression that the Government is as subservient to corporate wealth and power as it is charged with being. The queer "doings" in several com-

and their lobbyists are growing insufferably cheeky and dictatorial, but the people are strong and they have convictions upon this question. Premier Ross has an opportunity to make himself solid for a long term of office, but if his party conducts itself as it has done this session, the Opposition, weak in ability and courage though it be, may knock the Government all over the lot at the next elections.

THERE is one omission in the demands of the Metropolitan Railway Company that the directors of that concern and the Toronto Street Railway ought to fill in without delay. While they are about it, let them have the right to pile freight on the Yonge street sidewalks up to one yard from the shop frontages. The Legislature would doubtless be inclined to grant so insignificant a concession. After all, the city has no property in its streets and the citizens no rights thereon. With a three-foot passage up and down either sidewalk, the grasping and unreasonable inhabitants of this burg would doubtless be liberally provided with space to move about and conduct their business, in the opinion of the railway magnates and the statesmen from Burnt Pine and Painted Pump.

CONSIDERING the number of travelling mesmerists giving their unedifying entertainments throughout Ontario, it is not surprising that a public school board in Western Ontario has had to take steps to put down the practice of this dangerous and little-understood power amongst the pupils there. Toronto has had a great many improper exhibitions under the name of hypnotism this winter. The average travelling hypnotist is ignorant, unscientific, and devoid of a sense of his responsibility in demonstrating this exceedingly dangerous form of psychic influence. It is said to be by no means difficult to acquire hypnotic power. In the hands of ignorant, immature or unscrupulous persons, this power may be the means of working untold mischief. It seems to me that the time has come for regulating the "professors" who go about



electric car and the bicycle get the credit for this, yet though these are universal, the same effect has not been observable to the same extent in most cities. Toronto is still unique amongst places of its size as a city devoid of "flats." On the whole, this is a desirable condition to maintain. The flat system cannot but abolish many of the best things associated with the Anglo-Saxon idea of home. Where a city is able to grow outward, like Toronto, instead of together and upward, like the congested centers of population in the United States and Europe, it carries the trim front lawn and the tight little back yard with it as it expands. Of course there is a limit to the distance at which the ordinary employee can conveniently and economically live away from his place of work. Still it is to be hoped the expansive tendency of Toronto's growth will continue. The upward movement of rents will cause money to seek investment in providing adequate dwelling house accommodation. There seems to be opportunity for the profitable employment of funds in building comfortable six, eight, or ten-roomed houses in the outskirts of the city. The greatest difficulty of families with an income of from eight to ten hundred dollars a year is to find small houses suited to their needs, away from squalid and unsightly surroundings.

AN Indiana law maker, imbued with the wisdom of the principle that only the fittest of the human race should be permitted to perpetuate the species, has caused to be passed by the legislature of that State a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to "inquire into the laws pertaining to marriage and divorce, the physiological and hygienic effect of marriage under certain conditions and circumstances upon the offspring and society, and what are the rights, powers and obligations of the State in the premises."

Now here is a state of things that should give us pause. While the resolution is merely a preliminary step and does not go to the extent of making any regulations that will hamper or embarrass the ardent love-makers of Indiana, it is possibly the precursor of some such law as would put an end to the matrimonial aspirations of a large proportion of the population. The resolution says further:

"It shall be the further duty of said commission to make full report of their investigations under the provisions of this resolution, and their conclusion reached, together with such recommendations relating thereto, as to measures which may be adopted to remedy or mitigate evils now existing, which result in great domestic suffering and infelicity, and entail great expense upon society and the State; also to prepare and submit as a part of their report a remedial bill for the consideration of the General Assembly of the State, which report and bill shall be submitted to the next regular session thereof, to be held in the city of Indianapolis in 1903."

Measures of this kind have long been discussed by well-intentioned people. I have heard men seriously propose the prohibition of marriages by consumptives, drunkards, and scrofulous persons. The theory of the survival of the fittest is far from new. It is recognized in the propagation of animals that are bred with a view to the improvement of their kind. But when we come to apply such a principle to human beings there is an insuperable difficulty because moral as well as physical questions come into play. The mating of the morally diseased is perhaps more prolific of evil than that of the physically unsound. Consumptive parents bring into the world children with weak breathing organs who are likely to become consumptives. But a salacious-minded man, while perfectly vigorous and sound physically, may bring into the world children cursed with a deadlier and socially more dangerous endowment than weak lungs or any physical infirmity. Where, then, are we going to draw the line?

THE distinguished ex-statesman who writes intoxicating descriptions of the Dominion Parliament's doings for the "Evening News" gives vent to a wail about "autocracy in the Government of Canada," and contrasts Russia, where "one-man power is limited by assassination," with this country, where, he says, even this limitation does not exist. It is possible the sometime member for Pile-o'-Bones, when he speaks of one-man power, refers to his own memorable majority of one. If this is the case it is quite true that one-man power is not limited in Canada by assassination. Otherwise the esteemed former member for Pile-o'-Bones, or the returning officer whose single vote sent him to Ottawa, would long ago have been ushered from this sphere of tribulation and of alleged autocratic government.

#### Easter Lilies:

The Bermuda lily is one of the foreigners which has established a place in the hearts of the people of America. Its pure white chalice is found not only in the church and chapel, but in the homes of the people. On Easter morning they carry their message of the resurrection to a life where the spirit will be freed from the flesh that trammels it. How fitting that they should come from the Summer islands, where there is no winter, no falling of leaves!

As one sits in the air perfumed by the droppings from the lily-bells the romantic story of the land of their nativity enriches their beauty. No thunder of cannon or long tale of war sullies the pages of the history of the Bermudas. The Bermuda lily was introduced into this country in 1875. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to a florist. The florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of the lily-bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermuda. Very few lilies are exported, as the cut flowers do not arrive in good condition. Nor does it pay to export the growing plants, because of the duty and the cost of freightage so delicate a cargo. The bulbs are exported all over the world and are a valuable source of revenue. Thus these great beautiful lilies have a new significance. They bloom that, dying, they may come to life under new conditions, where they surpass in beauty what they were in their native home.

#### Social and Personal.

AFTER Easter festival and Easter visits are over, the thoughts and plans of society are almost all directed to the Horse Show, which begins on April 24th, and occupies the remainder of the week. A good many visitors will be in town, not only the smart folk from a distance, but many persons nearer at hand, who defer their spring shopping until the week of the Show, and enjoy the excitement and added life which it gives the city. The sailor lads, who are to give their drill, and will add so much novelty and interest, will be a great attraction, and congratulations are many to the energetic committee on arranging for their visit to Toronto. Very fine music will also be rendered by first-class bands, one, at least, fresh from triumphs across the line. The opening show of the century should be the most successful yet held.

Mrs. Riddell was home for a short stay this week, and gives better news of the condition of Mrs. Crossen, her mother, whose serious illness has kept her family in such great anxiety. On Thursday Mrs. Riddell went away again to Cobourg for Easter.

Miss Denison, who has been visiting her brother, Major Denison, and Mrs. Denison, at London, returned to Toronto this week, and is again residing with Colonel and Mrs. Delamere in Cecil street.

Mr. J. R. Walker and a party of Canadians are enjoying a visit in Nassau and other Southern resorts. They had a Canadian sailing party one day last month, while sleet and east winds played tag in Toronto streets. Many To-



COLONEL PELLATT,  
The new Commanding Officer of the Queen's Own Rifles and the retiring Commanding Officer respectively



ronto people are spending the trying months in the South, and letters full of raptures surprise us on bleak days, telling of temperature at 78 degrees and acres of roses, surf bathing, shooting, fishing, golf and tennis, and twenty-seven different kinds of fruit. Oranges at forty and fifty cents a hundred, and such oranges and grape fruit. Furthermore, my friends write that there are six black to one white, and that the darkies are exceedingly funny, and "happy as clams." So, I should imagine, must the white folk be, with all the good things enumerated above.

A few spring days have started up the golf fiends in great shape. The Hunt Club links are the rendezvous of a lot of enthusiasts, and the annual meeting of the golf club there resulted in the following election of officers: Mr. James Grace was re-elected president, Mr. W. Bunting secretary-treasurer, and a good committee was chosen.

The benefit concert to Mr. Bayly, who has lately resigned the position of bandmaster of the Q.O.R. band, takes place next Tuesday night in Massey Hall, and is of so much interest to Mr. Bayly's many friends that its success is assured. The retiring bandmaster has been a leading musician for so many years in Toronto that he is very widely known, and wherever known, he is appreciated.

Mrs. A. D. Kingdon, mother of Mrs. George Gould, is in town for a few days.

One stormy day this week I received striking proof that the new departure of messenger service was filling a long-felt want, as it was impossible to secure an idle boy from the agencies to take a message to a train. All the boys were scouting here and there in their usual apparently reckless but really knowing and sure manner. The Toronto messenger boys are not of the sort one reads about in comic papers, but have a very pleasant idea that to get there and back in the shortest possible time is desirable. Someone tells me that this results from their being paid so much for each trip, which would explain the haste we so much appreciate.

The various evening entertainments provided by the Woman's Art Association this week at their exhibition in the Confederation Life Building, are quite the feature of the quiet season which always marks Holy Week. On Monday evening a delightful olden time atmosphere prevailed, and the concert was as quaint and charming as old songs and pretty gowns of bygone days could make it. Miss Frances Dignam, Miss Helliwell, Miss Bastedo, Miss Millicamp, Misses Edna and Effie Smith, and Miss Eola Lennox waited at the refreshment table, and were much admired in their costumes. On Tuesday evening a little one-act play, "A Pair of Lunatics," was delightfully presented by Miss Norah Sullivan and Mr. Sitwell.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeoman Hall went to the Welland, St. Catharines, on Thursday. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander and Miss Jean Alexander are at Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. David Macpherson have returned to Toronto from a sojourn in the South. Mrs. Phillips, Miss Phillips, and Mr. Heber Phillips are spending Easter in New York. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Polson are to return from their wedding trip for Easter. Miss Jean McArthur is visiting her aunt in Detroit.

Of the meals of the week which many of us don't enjoy, the Sunday dinner is easily first. It comes before we are hungry, for most of us rise and breakfast an hour or so later than usual. It lacks the glow and cosiness of the evening dinner, and somehow, the daylight is calculated to detract from even the brightness of our conversation. One eats the Sunday dinner as a sacrifice to the humanities. Cook must have her hours of leisure sometimes, and she is allowed them on Sunday after three. The maid sets the supper table, with its cold roast and salad handy in the ice-box, and everything arranged so that we may wait upon ourselves. Then she, too, vanishes until ten or eleven at night. This is the rule in hundreds of homes in Toronto. But there are masters who won't eat dinner when they merely relish a luncheon, and missives who won't sup without a handy maid to change plates and fill glasses. These people keep their domestics busy on Sunday as on other days, and have even the temerity to ask relatives, intimate friends, or passing "lions" to share their feasting. Against such there is yet no law, but there is likely to be. Not just exactly an Act of Parliament, but a union, a Workers' Association it is yeapt. They've started it in the Capital, and like the smallpox, it threatens to spread! Cooks who are members won't bake, boil, or fry after three o'clock on Sundays. Maids will scorn the peaceful dish-mop and the gentle office of cup-bearer at the Sunday "five o'clocker." Menservants will exchange the livery or swallowtail for the golf coat, the bicycle suit or the stately "frock," and the country roads, the wayside inns, the churches will be populated from the ranks of the Household Workers' Association. It is a man who is at the bottom of this new century movement, and I am hearing sad comments from the far east upon his enter-



UNCLE SAM'S LATEST HERO—BRIGADIER-GENERAL FUNSTON,  
THE CAPTOR OF AGUINALDO.

prise. There is already, say the papers, a membership of about one hundred and thirty in Ottawa, a paid membership. The thought occurs—but no matter! We won't meet trouble half way!

The marriage of Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Charles Roberts, M.A., LL.B., of New York, took place at the residence of the bride on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a family party. Rev. Armstrong Black officiating. Miss Alexander was married in her travelling dress, a green broadcloth with Eton coat and ivory satin gilet with Persian embroidery, and a very pretty hat of wood brown. Miss Jessie Melville, niece of the bride, was maid of honor, and six small bridesmaids, also the nieces of Miss Alexander, in dainty white frocks of organdie and lace, completed the pretty family group. Mr. William Alexander, brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left by the afternoon train for New York, after having received the congratulations of a few intimate friends.

The engagement of Miss Springer, who has been a resident of Toronto, and a successful artist for some time, and the Rev. Mr. Orr of Gore Bay, is announced.

The quietest week of the year has just passed, and Society of the Romish and Anglican persuasion has kept its holy week most religiously, refraining from anything at all in the nature of a function. The Grand has offered a very bright and funny opera, and a new type of stage comedian, to lovers of the ridiculous in stagemod. There is a hush, preparing for the rush. Easter week is, as usual, to be crowned with orange blossoms, and a bright sequence of happy weddings are its particular glory. On the first few days of the week will be celebrated three marriages which interest many persons hereabouts. Miss Aileen Dawson and Mr. C. Carrington Smith are a young couple who have everyone's best wishes and congratulations. Miss Edyth Ravenshaw, who has been a visitor from England since last May, and Mr. Dickson Patterson, who has been known in artistic and social circles for years as a contented bachelor, proof against all feminine charms, are another bride and groom-elect for whom their friends are gaily prophesying much happiness, and congenial artistic work in the two studios in the beautiful home in Elmley Place, where the friends of Mr. Patterson so love to congregate. Mr. Charlie Moss and his fair Kingston fiancée are to be wedded on Tuesday. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Moss will attend their son's wedding, which will bring a bonnie bride to Toronto after the honeymoon. Miss Britton and Miss Ravenshaw have had Stitt's prettiest gowns, and the trousseau of the former lady has particularly taxed the daintiest stores of the fashionable modiste. It is matter for congratulation that these three weddings will not rob our social world of any fair members, but rather ensure the stay of one, who, but for Dan Cupid, would be contemplating a return to her native England, and in another instance bring us from the Limestone City one of its brightest maidens.

Mr. Bernard Laing is an inmate of the General Hospital, having had the misfortune to sustain a fracture of the leg last week.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Stanger are going abroad next month. A lovely trip is in prospect, including Southern Europe and the Mediterranean. Mr. and Mrs. Stanger will leave their family with the grandmamma in Montreal for a visit during their travels.

Mr. Douglas Young, son of Colonel Young, who has been very ill with gripe, is now quite better.

Mrs. Frank Clifford Sutton was in town for a few days with her kind friends, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, and left for Quebec on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Sutton is bearing her grief bravely, and has most grateful thoughts for all those friends in Toronto who have mourned with her the sad death of her young husband, whose splendid services and courage are so universally spoken of by the officers and men who were with him in South Africa. Mrs. Sutton is with her parents, Judge and Madame Routhier, in Quebec, and will accompany Judge Routhier on a long trip in Europe in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Mackenzie returned home from their European trip on Wednesday, and are stopping with Mr. Mackenzie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, at Benvenuto.

Mrs. R. O. McCulloch of Galt, who has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, returned home last week. Senator, Mrs., and Miss Melvin-Jones are back from Ottawa for Easter. Lady Meredith, and Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft have returned from St. Catharines.

On Friday, March 29th, Mrs. Edward Fisher invited a party of ladies to hear Miss Masson tell about and read of Sydney Lanier, the Southern poet-musician whose widow will shortly visit Toronto. A most representative half-hundred ladies responded to the telephone invitations, of the hostess, and gathered about five o'clock in her delightful new home in Rosedale. Miss Masson spoke of the special talents and gifts of the poet, whose songs one has heard from Plunkett Greene and other popular singers, and whose poems are so thrilling with feeling and beauty of expression. Then, Miss Greta Masson, a dear Marguerite in her blue gown and white puffs and guimpe and fair hair, sang a couple of the Lanier songs most artistically and sweetly. Mrs. Fisher had four very pretty young girls waiting upon the guests when tea and ices were served—the Misses Jarvis of Glen road, Miss Stella Kerr, and Miss Kirkpatrick of Bedford road being the quartette. The ladies also looked after each other, so that no one was overlooked. Among the guests were Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Walter Andrews, Miss George, Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Gunther, Miss Eva Jones, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Eden Smith, Mrs. and Miss Dignam, Mrs. G. McMurrich, Mrs. Broughall, Miss Fannie Small, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Wilfrid Skeats, Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Loudon, Miss Snively, the Misses Carv, the Misses Tully, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Alec. Cartwright, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Overton Macdonald, Mrs. William Laidlaw, Miss Louie Jones, Mrs. Ball of Galt, Mrs. George A. Read, Miss Phemie Smith, and Mrs. Shirley Denison.



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Makes Flesh  
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Makes Strong the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famous  
**HOF'S MALT EXTRACT**  
Manufactured in Cologne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reinhardt graduated in 1870.

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## Social and Personal.

Mr. George Mackenzie Brown, M.P., son of the late Honorable George Brown, and Miss Mary Nelson of Edinburgh are to be married next Tuesday afternoon at St. Leonard's, Edinburgh, in Mayfield United Free Church. A reception will be held at St. Leonard's afterwards.

Mrs. Farrell, the very clever and popular visitor from Winnipeg, who has been so welcome a member of many pleasant parties in Toronto this year, has gone to Kingston to visit Mrs. Drury.

Captain Corey has left town and will sail to rejoin his regiment this month in South Africa. The Dublin Fusiliers owe the Boers nothing in the way of gallant attentions, and have made that telling mark upon the dark continent which never rubs out, at once the glory and the sorrow of this regiment of born fighters.

I hear that Mrs. Seymour and Miss Sybil Seymour are going to England. Mr. Frank Phillips has returned from Nassau. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi has returned from St. Catharines after a stay of a fortnight at the Welland. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogart are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in Grosvenor street. Mr. Bogart has been removed from Winnipeg to Toronto, and he and his young wife are welcomed back by very well pleased friends. Mrs. Prince of Spadina road has been quite a sufferer from her eyes, and has been under treatment, which has confined her to the house for some time. Mrs. Ritchie of Beverley street has also been a semi-invalid for some time, and is not yet quite well. Mr. Ritchie has been down in Pittsburg on business. Mr. W. Claude Fox has returned from British Columbia, where he spent a month. Mrs. G. C. Patterson of Embro, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home on Friday last.

On Friday afternoon, March 29th, Mrs. W. H. Lee gave a progressive to a number of ladies. The bride-elect, Miss Mamie Palmer, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. MacWhinney, Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. W. L. McLean, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Robert Grant, and a bright coterie of pretty girls were among the ladies who played, and afterwards enjoyed a dainty tea.

The hopes that the postponed Grenadiers' Assembly would take place after Easter are without foundation, owing to the fact that the military mourning lasts until July. I have not heard whether the Argonauts intend giving their ball this spring or not. Once the spring comes and outdoor amusements, golf, riding, and such like are on, it's a question whether a big dance would arouse the same interest as in the season.

Mrs. Maddison of Wilcock street gave a progressive on Friday evening. Miss Maddison assisted her mother, Miss Long, Miss Banks, Mr. Percy Edwards, Dr. Clark, Miss Millman, and Mr. Stewart won the prizes.

Dr. Van Hummel of Indianapolis has been residing "en garçon" in a furnished house formerly occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Theobald Coleman in Spadina avenue for the past two months, and during that time has been a welcome member of a social set on the West Side. Previous to his departure for the States this month, Dr. Van Hummel gave a very pretty luncheon to some of the hostesses by whom he has been entertained. The pretty hospitality took place last Friday at one o'clock, and the luncheon party included about a dozen ladies, who very much enjoyed it. The table was done very daintily with pink roses, which the guests were gallantly asked to accept in great profusion after the luncheon.

Mr. Gordon Helliwell has gone to Atlantic City. Miss Daisy Gillies of Hamilton has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Myles. Miss Watson of Hamilton has been visiting Mrs. Cowan, D'Arcy street. Mrs. Bath has been in Hamilton on a visit to Mrs. Eardley Wilmet. Mrs. Bath is one of the most fascinating women possible, and has wrought great havoc among susceptible persons of both sexes, who admire her immensely. A very sweet manner is not the least of her many charms.

"To go or not to go" seems to be the adapted quotation most apt concerning the military men on the West Side. Rumors and orders and delays and

change have been rife for the past month. Major J. C. Macdougall is, I hear, to go very soon to Fredericton. Most thankful are the friends of Mrs. Macdougall to hear of her steady improvement in St. John's Hospital, and all trust soon to see her quite restored to health. I heard the other day that Col. and Mrs. Otter are taking a residence in Beverley street, and that neither Col. Buchanan nor Col. Young will change quarters before some time in May. Another "on dit" is that Col. Lessard is to go to Quebec. The report which arrived from Ottawa (via Hamilton) that Judge MacMahon was to leave Toronto is another wild shot. Ottawa's gain would be so greatly Toronto's loss that no one would believe anything of the sort, though such a move may be in the future, as all are aware.

Mrs. R. S. Williams and Miss Ethel Williams of Coderich are in town for a month's visit, and are at present with Mrs. Musgrave, Mrs. Williams' sister, at 66 Isabella street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten have been settled for some time in Mr. Hamilton's spacious residence in Glen road. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are, I believe, going abroad very soon. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Gulseley House have sailed for England. Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, who has been at Ermeleigh for a short visit, has proceeded to her home. Mr. and Mrs. Ewart have had a most delightful trip to the Old Country. Miss Ravenshaw is the guest of Mrs. Charles Moss.

A new sort of appetiser is in vogue. Merely ask one of the returned heroes from South Africa to describe some arduous march and incidentally remark that he had only one biscuit a day for some two weeks or more at a time. The diners fall upon the next course with positively famished eagerness.

Lieut.-Colonel Delamere has resigned the command of the Q. O. R., and Major H. M. Pellatt has succeeded to the colonelcy. That he will bring all the energy and enthusiasm for which he is famed to the benefit of his crack corps is assured. The officers and men are glad to have him at their head. The retiring commander takes with him the best wishes and regards of the Queen's Own boys. He has been a popular officer and connected with the regiment for a very long time. Colonel Pellatt and Mrs. Pellatt are now in California.

Mrs. Henry Pellatt of 349 Sherbourne street has sent out cards for an At Home on next Tuesday afternoon, at which friends will meet as guest of honor her bright young granddaughter, the bride of last year, Mrs. Stephen Leacock.

Mr. Heathcote is not, after all, away with the enlisted men for the police force in South Africa, arrangements having fallen through concerning his appointment as chaplain.

The Rosedale Travel Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. Rennie, 123 Huntley street, Thursday evening, April 11th, at 8 o'clock.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of Easter week the junior members of the Women's Auxiliary will give a luncheon between the hours of 12 and 2:30 o'clock, in the St. James' Cathedral school-house, which they hope will be largely attended. Tickets, price 25 cents, may be procured at the door. The entertainment being an "Empire" lunch, the decorations will, in keeping with the idea, be of red, white, and blue. Some of the ladies who will act as hostesses on the occasion are: Miss Norah Sullivan, Miss Eileen Gooderham, Miss Brock, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Audrey Allen, and Miss Wright.

In Buffalo, or a suburb of that city, and beginning next July, Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, the celebrated originator of the Fletcher Music Method (Simplex and Kindergarten), will conduct classes for those desiring to become teachers. This very considerable disarrangement of her intentions for the summer vacation is made in compliance with the pressing request of various correspondents who desire to take the teachers' course, and also attend the Pan-American Exposition. With a view to lessening expenses, negotiations are now being opened for the proper and satisfactory boarding of members of the classes at moderate cost while for six weeks attending Miss Fletcher's course. For the sake of ready reference by Toronto and other Canadian applicants, in person or by correspondence, Miss Fletcher has again arranged with Mr. Edmond L. Roberts, secretary of the Metropol-



**Kingsley's**  
Men's and Women's Fine Shoes & Oxfords for Easter.

If you are at all inclined to be particular about your shoes try a pair of "Kingsley & Co.'s Special \$3.00 Shoes" for men and women. They're none the less comfortable because they are stylish—none the less desirable because they are reasonable in price. They combine the latest ideas in Shoes for Spring of 1901.

See our Easter Shoe Windows for Styles.

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tan School of Music, Toronto, to represent her, and from him particulars as to the course, the requisite qualifications of candidates, etc., can be learned.

The marriage of Dr. T. Herbert Prust of Easton, Michigan, son of Mr. R. Prust of Blackstock, to Miss Vina Belleghem, eldest daughter of Mr. Daniel Belleghem, A.T.C.M., took place on Wednesday, March 27th, at the residence of the bride's father, Hunter street, Peterboro'. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. G. Potter of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Wilson of George street Methodist Church, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The bride was becomingly gowned in white organdie, trimmed with valenciennes lace, and carried a bouquet of crimson roses. She was given away by her father and was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Belleghem, who wore a costume of white organdie over pink, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen was Mr. Morley Prust, brother of the bridegroom. After the ceremony a dejeuner was served, and later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Prust left on the C. P. R. for their future home in Michigan.

## A True Pigeon Story.

A gentleman had two pairs of pigeons living in dovecots placed side by side. In each pigeon family there was a father and a mother bird and two little ones. On a certain day the parents in one dovecot went away to get food, and while they were gone one of their little birds fell out of the dovecot and down to the ground. The poor baby bird was not much hurt, strange to say, but it could not get back for it was too young to fly.

Now, the parents in the other dovecot were at home when this happened, and it seemed as if they said to themselves: "One of our babies might fall out in just that way. We must do something to make the dovecot safer." And then this wise, careful father and mother went to work. They flew about until they found some small sticks. These they carried to their own dovecot, and there in the doorway they built a cunning little fence

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Sponges Bath Brushes  
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Very choice designs in Children's Note-Paper and Party Invitations, Wedding Invitations and Announcements.

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Stationery Department, Ladies' Work Depository  
47 KING STREET WEST

of sticks, not so high but that the little pigeons could look over it, but high enough to keep them from falling out of the dovecot as their little neighbor had done. The owner of the pigeons, who had seen the birdling fall and had put it back into its dovecot, watched the birds the whole time as they gathered the sticks and built the fence across the doorway. This is a true story, and it is often told to some children in Boston by a lady who knows the owner of these very pigeons.

## ONLY EUROPEAN PLAN HOTEL IN TORONTO

The English Chop House is situated one block from the very heart of the city, close to all theaters, and only a few blocks from Union Station and all steamboat landings. Has fifty rooms at graduated prices with all modern conveniences. First-class restaurant and lunch counter in connection.

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Mrs. Stillor Nathan—My dear, what is your idea of a happy man?  
Mr. Nathan—He's a fellow who can make more money than his wife can spend.



Bach L. Orr—I wonder why April first ever came to be called "All Fools' Day?"  
Ben E. Diet—I was married April first.



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**"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."**

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.  
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## Curious Bits of News.

During the last century nine presidents, two emperors, one king, two princes, two sultans, and one empress perished by the hands of assassins.

Ex-President Kruger is, perhaps, the only living white man who has throughout his career made a regular practice of habitually consulting fortune-tellers, and being guided by their prognostications. This he did up till the very day he quitted the Transvaal, and the predictions—which were, of course, all favorable to his arms—retailed at second-hand to his superstitious burghers, must be credited with no small share in prolonging the war.

While people are talking about the census, ask your friends which they think the most thickly populated country. They are not likely to guess. The answer is—Egypt, which has a population of 4,461 people to the square mile. Belgium makes a good second, with 360 to the square mile. Great Britain has only a little over 200; and is followed by Japan, with 184; and Italy, with 160. Germany has 152 people to every square mile; and Austria, 136; and France, 129. In the United States there are only sixteen people to every square mile of surface; while Russia has only nine. We need not, therefore, worry just yet about the world being overcrowded.

The Countess Rozent Chlopowski is a title which, to the average man in the street, is reminiscent of no one in particular. Yet it is borne by no less a personage than Madame Modjeska, the famous actress. At the age of fifteen a gipsy woman, whom she encountered accidentally outside the Ring Theatre, in Vienna, foretold to her that she would one day wear a coronet; but when, two years later, the married guardian, M. Modjeska, both bride and bridegroom laughed the prophecy to scorn. Nevertheless, it came true; for, after four years of wedded life, Madame Modjeska was left a widow, and three years afterwards she became the wife of Count Rozent Chlopowski, patriot and journalist.

Penny-in-the-slot insurance is the very newest of new ideas. It has been introduced by a French insurance company, and the machines are shortly to be placed at all railway stations. If you are going on a journey, you will only have to drop a ten-centime piece (equal to one penny), and you will receive a ticket, which insures you for an amount equal to \$2,000 for one day. The machines are also to be placed on pleasure steamers. These will, however, be made differently. The machines will give two tickets instead of one, and on both the name and address of the purchaser must be given. One ticket will be retained, while the other will be placed in the machine again. Should the vessel sink, the machine will float, and the various claims be recognized should it be washed ashore or picked up.

## Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Cart.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart!  
How I wonder what thou art!  
Never can I find you nigh  
When the dust is deep and dry.

When the clouded sun is set,  
And the streets with rain are wet;  
Thy wings flash little light  
Sprinkling, sprinkling, left and right.

And when bright my boots are  
"shined,"  
Hands in costly kids confined,  
Rattling down the sodden street,  
How thou soak my hands and feet!

Some day when this deed you've done,  
I will aim my trusty gun,  
Then we'll wonder where thou art,  
Buckshot-sprinkled water-cart!

## The Coronation Stone.

THE object connected with British Monarchy which is beyond all price is not the Crown, the Scepter, or the Koh-i-noor, but the venerable piece of rock for which King Edward I. had a comparatively modern stand made in the form of a chair. This is the second Coronation stone, believed for many centuries to have been the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel. It first travelled to Egypt, then with a daughter and son-in-law of Pharaoh to Spain; it was next taken to Ireland, where it became the seat for Irish kings; then to Scotland, where for the first time it was encased in a chair of wood which became the throne of Scottish kings. Our Edward I. fixed his heart upon this precious treasure, and, securing it, he had himself crowned King of the Scots, seated thereon. Having had it conveyed to Westminster Abbey, he gave orders for a fresh chair to be made, to hold it; and that chair may be seen to this day. In this chair, and on this stone, every English sovereign from Edward I. to Queen Victoria has been crowned.

Of course, the Scots were in sore dismay at the loss of such a priceless

## American Brains.

Brain Workers Require Special Food.

American brain workers have for some years past been largely using an especially prepared food for rebuilding the gray matter of brain and nerve centers. Any man or woman who cares to make a test by using this food, Grape-Nuts, for a portion of one or two meals each day, will find a distinct increase in vigor, and particularly in brain power.

Then if they feel disposed to know the reason why, they can have Grape-Nuts analyzed, or take the analysis of the London Lancet and the result will show that the food contains the natural phosphate of potash obtained in a natural way from the cereals, and albumen obtained in the same way.

These two elements unite together in the human body to make and rebuild the gray matter of which the brain, solar plexus and nerve centers are filled.

These are scientific facts which can be ascertained by any careful investigator. The food, Grape-Nuts, is not only the most scientifically made food in the world, but almost any user will agree with us that the flavor is unique and most winning.

## Rural Rivalry.



Willie Rich—Say, Sammie, my father's home was built on an ar-cheet-ect's plan.  
Sammie Poor—Aw, dat's nawthin; my dad's home was built on de instalment plan.

object, and they strove hard to recover it by treaty; but the English people regarded it with equal veneration, and would not hear of its being restored. When James I. of England was crowned upon it, as King of Scots, he had come to his own—in fulfillment of a prophecy once alleged to have been inscribed upon the stone, that where it went, Scottish supremacy should follow.

Only once has the Coronation chair with the stone been removed from the Abbey. It was taken to Westminster Hall for Oliver Cromwell's benefit, when he was installed as Lord Protector. At the coronation of William and Mary, as they were joint sovereigns, a second chair of state had to be provided; and this has since been used by the Queen's Consort. Nowadays, these historical pieces of furniture are valued as they should be, and protected after a fashion; but they have been shamefully treated in times gone by, owing to the apathy and neglect of men who should have better guarded the Abbey and its contents from mischievous and irreverent visitors.

## A Mania of the Times

PEAKING of the insane hurry that is one of the manias of modern life, a San Francisco paper tells a couple of very dramatic stories.

The steamer "Alameda" arrived off San Francisco harbor Saturday, February 23. A heavy fog blanketed the Heads. The passengers had made the usual passengers' plans for landing at twelve minutes to six o'clock, passing the customs at nine minutes past six, and dining at twenty-five minutes to seven. They grew dissatisfied when the ship slowed down to quarter-speed, with a quartermaster heaving the lead-line at regular intervals. As the afternoon wore away the passengers' scorn almost reached the point of mutiny. Black looks greeted the captain as that hapless official stood upon the bridge striving to pierce the dismal curtain of fog with straining eyes. Not a passenger aboard but knew better than Captain Harriman how to take the ship in. Night had fallen before a pilot was picked up, and by that time the passengers were ripe for a revolution. But when the pilot came over the side he handed a daily paper to the first officer, and in a few seconds the news spread over the ship that the day before the steamer "Rio de Janeiro" had tried to make her way in at full speed through the fog and was lying, full of corpses, at the bottom of the bay. All who had traveled at sea knew how volatile passengers are. In a few moments they were as shame-stricken as they had previously been mutinous. A meeting was held in the cabin. The captain was escorted thither, and through their spokesman the passengers confessed to him their error in judgment, and begged his pardon. On the same day, coming into the railway bridge for a few minutes by a misplaced switch. The usual hurry-panic broke out among the passengers. They wanted to get to the station. They could not wait for the train. So four of them bribed a poor negro to open the vestibule door and let them out on to the bridge. The first one, John C. Bomer, stepped from the car, stepped from the bridge, stepped into eternity. For his terrified companions heard a splash and a scream as he plunged down through the bridge timbers and shot rapidly away on the yellow waters of the flood-swollen Sacramento. His death was the more terrible, as he was a strong swimmer, and he struggled long. It he soon disappeared, sucked down by one of the many eddies of the treacherous stream. How remarkable seems this feverish, restless hurry on the part of sensible men.

## A Roman Bath in London.

In the midst of busy London is a bath, perfectly preserved, which is supposed by some to have been constructed during the Roman occupation of the city. One may go to the Strand without finding a trace of Strand Lane, and possibly the shopkeepers of the neighborhood may not know it by name. A writer in the "Sketch" says that she had to inquire hither and yon before obtaining the desired information. It was an old dame, seated at a newspaper stall, who was able to give it.

"Can you direct me to Strand Lane?" asked the visitor.

"Why, this is Strand Lane," said the old Londoner. She pointed down a narrow passage, which could be easily overlooked, for it is entered under a doorway, and causes no break in a continuous line of buildings. There, at the end of the great thoroughfare, and in a tortuous line of old houses, one finds a finger on the wall indicating the way to the Roman bath.

Strand Lane follows the line of a little brook which, in old days, carried off the water from the higher land above to Strand bridge or pier. On its left side you come upon a small, dingy house, which is the object of your search. Ring the rusty bell, and presently a man appears and escorts you through a vaulted passage into a

vaulted chamber, sixteen feet long and nine feet wide. In the midst of the floor is the Roman bath.

"It's two thousand years old, this bath," says the guide. "The Earl of Essex discovered it when he was making a bath for himself."

At the farther end of the bath is a ledge of white marble, undoubtedly the remains of a flight of steps leading down to the water. The water is supplied by a spring, without the medium of pipes. It bubbles up through the ground, fills the bath, passes into the bath beyond—that of Lord Essex—and then flows into the Thames. One visitor says of a visit to Strand Lane:

"It would be pure affectation to pretend that, as I stood gazing round the vaulted chamber, I was haunted by a vision of Roman nobles and warriors in togas and breastplates. It was, on the contrary, difficult to realize here, in the heart of Never London, that the land of the Caesars had any connection with modern life. Within a few yards were endless omnibuses, traveling to and from the east and west end. Near at hand were theaters, newspaper offices, law courts, the underground railway. It was hardly possible, through all this din, to catch a glimpse of ancient Rome through the mists of nineteen centuries."

## The Humor of Phillips Brooks.

It does not lessen the dignity of Phillips Brooks's memory to learn from his biographer, Alexander V. G. Allen of Cambridge, that he had an abounding sense of humor—humor that crops out in a fund of anecdote.

To a person who wondered at the possibility of the whale's swallowing Jonah he said: "There was no difficulty. Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

Contrasting the ancient Church with the modern, he remarked that the early devout tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions. "Now," he added, "we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs."

A clergyman going abroad talked in jest of bringing back a new religion with him.

"You might have some trouble in getting it through the custom house," some one remarked.

"No," observed Bishop Brooks; "we may take it for granted that new religion would have no duties attached."

A person, for the sake no doubt of argument, once drew attention to the fact that some men, calling themselves atheists, seemed to lead moral lives, and Brooks promptly disposed of it.

"They have to," said he. "They have no God to forgive them if they don't."

## Books and Their Makers.

THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, is quoted by the "Pall Mall Magazine" as saying that he has no sympathy with the criticism which would treat English as a dead language—"a thing crystallized at an arbitrarily selected stage of its existence and hidden so far get that it has a past and deny that it has a future." "Purism," he added, "whether in grammar or vocabulary, almost always means ignorance. Language was made before grammar, not grammar before language. And as for the people who make it their business to insist on the utmost possible improvement of our English vocabulary, they seem to me to ignore the lessons of history, science and common sense."

And now Mr. Laurence Housman explicitly denies that he wrote an Englishwoman's Love Letters. Nobody who knows his work could believe that he had a hand in them. There are intimations, by the way, that these letters have had their little day and are on the way to oblivion.

Mr. Ralph Connor, author of Black Rock and The Sky Pilot, is described by the "Saturday Evening Post" as a hard-working pastor in Winnipeg who has a personality as unique as it is little known. Among his most marked traits are indifference to fame, sympathy with Nature and a lack of a sense of time. When he began his present pastorate his parishioners were repeatedly astonished when he failed to appear at the hour designated for special gatherings. More than once the governing body of church dignitaries was obliged to adjourn without transacting the business of the hour because the brilliant young pastor had become so wrapped in dreams that he had continued his stroll or his canter forgetful of the special meeting and of all else save the wild charm of the rugged scenery and the abstract speculations of the novelist. Gentle hints and remonstrances from the pillars of the church completely failed to reform the minister and bring him to a realization that time is the essence of earthly appointments. At last, however, a shrewd parishioner devised a makeshift which has succeeded admirably. He suggested that all appointments be named to the minister as being for a time thirty minutes in advance of the hour actually fixed for the gathering. Under this arrangement the shepherd generally has time to forget the appointment, remember it, and then enter his appearance before the final moment

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arrives on which he is to appear before his flock. He is devotedly loved by his people, and particularly by the rough men of the ranches and the mines. These find themselves instantly in touch with the "sky pilot" and are his chosen companions. Mr. Connor is a dashing rider and finds his main recreation in the saddle.

John Morley is getting on reasonably well with the Gladstone biography, but some time must elapse before even the date of publication can be settled.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, has written a novel which he calls The Sport of the Gods. It deals, of course, with his own race.

## The Queen's Indian Servants.

The late Queen's Indian attendants, says "Truth," has been retired on pensions, and several of them have already returned to their native land. The departure of these Oriental menials from England will not be regretted by anyone about the Court, as they gave an enormous deal of trouble, and, being regarded as privileged persons, they were excessively arrogant and insolent to the British domestics, most of whom both feared and detested them. They were a constant cause of worry, fuss and anxiety. The Queen's Munshi, Hafiz Abdul Karim, who has been a powerful personage at Court for the last fifteen years or so, is also going back to India with a pension. The Munshi and his wife had a charming cottage on the Frogmore demesne, and a house was built for them a few years ago in the Balmorloch grounds. The Frogmore cottage is to be used for the accommodation of members of the suites and servants who cannot be lodged in the house itself during the residences of the King and Queen.

## All Plain to Him.

"Here," said the foreman of the pressroom, leading his visitors into another department, "are the great presses. The matter is stereotyped in the form of curved plates, these are placed on the cylinders, and as they revolve they leave their impression on the paper that unwinds from that huge roll at the back of the press."

"I see now," remarked one of the visitors, a person of much sagacity, "what is meant when we read of an

item going the rounds of the press."—Chicago "Tribune."

## Tips From the New Boarder.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart, and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes, Quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But say, mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me Al yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, oozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without bein' asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She tied up to some John Henry who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"N—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."—Chicago "Times-Herald."

Visitor (viewing the new baby)—He's the very image of his father. Proud Mother—Yes; and he acts just like him, too. Visitor—Is it possible? Proud Mother—Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.

"My dear child, you should not eat your pudding so quickly." "Why not, mamma?" "Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who ate his pudding so quickly that he died before he finished it." "What did they do with the rest of his pudding, mamma?"

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## Drama

Foxy Quiller, notwithstanding its lack of anything approaching freshness, is certainly a delightful comic opera and fully merits the puffing that has preceded it. It is the most sumptuously mounted and the most picturesque entertainment of its kind given in Toronto this season. The gorgeous costumes, beautiful scenery, and rich atmosphere of the piece are perfectly captivating, and it is no wonder the Syndicate has boomed it for all it is worth, for it is just such a show as suits the popular taste down to the ground. Jerome Sykes is as unctuous and droll as ever. He and little Adolph Zink, the wee German comedian, captivate all hearts and divide the honors between them everywhere they go. Miss Helen Bertram, the leading woman of the company, is very shapely and attractive, and sings better than most comic opera prima donnas. Taken all in all, this week's attraction at the Grand must be regarded as one of the most enjoyable shows of the season. One point that should not be overlooked is that it is successful without once appealing to the salaciously inclined. There is not an improper, nor even a suggestive, song, line, or gesture in it from beginning to end.

High praise must also be accorded to the week's programme at Shea's vaudeville theater. It is one of the most varied and delightful Mr. Shea has presented in many moons. Corinne, the famous danseuse and songstress, is a very drawing number. O'Brien and Havel proved to be a clever team, the latter being one of the best stage newsboys imaginable and doing some queer acrobatic tricks, the very recollection of which makes one laugh. Stelling and Revell, in their grotesque clown act on the horizontal bars, were another funny team. John and Bertha Gleeson's dancing turn was pretty and refined; their singing, however, was poor. Johnnie Carroll sang some side-splitting Irish songs. Especially good was one about a wealthy Irish contractor, who had risen from a corporation laborer, and to whose funeral a friend sent a floral anchor, much to the chagrin of the widow, who regarded it as a pick-axe and an insulting reference to her husband's humble beginnings. Brandon, Hurst and Co.'s farce *On a String* was slightly too farcical to be thoroughly enjoyed, and Bert Marshall's Street Urchin Quartette rather overdid their turn, which should have been "cut out" about the middle. In this connection, isn't it true that the Holy City has been sung a little too often, and should be given a rest?

Hanlon's Superba, which was at the Toronto this week, is so familiar to everyone that one marvels at its having any drawing powers left.

At the Princess, the Valentine Stock Company have been playing this week another play by Hal Reid, who wrote *In the Devil's Web*, which has already been criticized in this column. The new play is called *The Little Red School House*, and is a melodrama described on the programme as "the story of an honest love." A Carolina convict camp is the scene of a large part of the action. The piece was satisfactorily mounted and played, Mr. Reid, the author, being received with especial favor in the leading role.

The benefit to "Jack" Webster at the Princess on Wednesday afternoon brought forth a large audience, and a programme of great merit and variety. All the visiting companies were represented. Mr. Webster ought to feel proud of so striking a testimonial to his manly and popular qualities by not only the public but his fellow professionals as well.

At Shea's next week Mrs. Louis W. Gay, a mezzo-soprano from Buffalo, said to be a singer of exceptional talent, will make her debut. Sam Lockhart's "three graces," wonderful trained elephants, will again be seen in their marvellous act, and the other features of the bill will be Idaline Cotton and Nick Long, Willis P. Sweatnam, the Juggling Johnsons, Fisher and Carroll, Max Cincinnati, the Whiting Sisters, and the Cineograph.

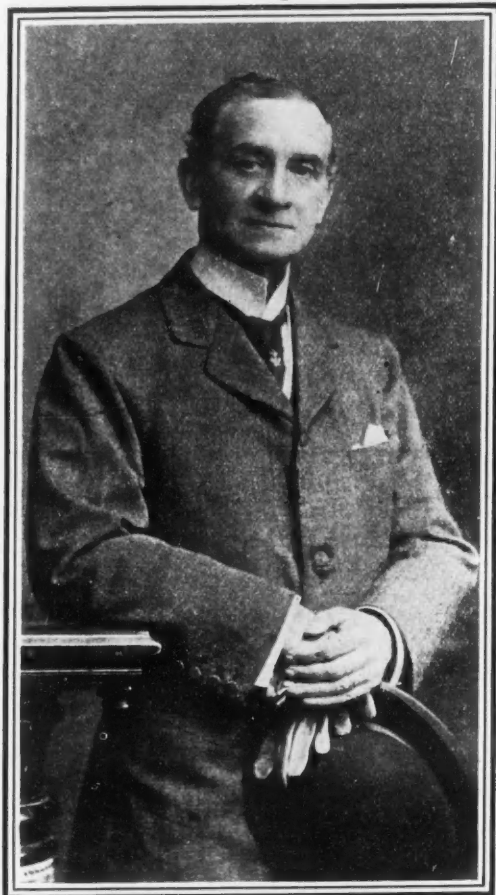
Mr. Hawley Franks, the author of the one-act piece *The Mystery of a Gladstone Bag*, who is now playing at the Court Theater, London, in Sweet Prue, met with an amusing little experience when he was playing at the East-end for a charity. The performance was held in a school-room, but as there was no accommodation for dressing, the "actors" made up at the vicarage, having to pass through the church adjoining in order to reach the small stage. Mr. Franks was playing a burglar. As he quietly hurried through the church from the vicar's house to the schoolroom, in time for his cue, an old verger caught sight of him and gave chase. The actor could not resist the temptation of dodging behind the pews, and the faster he ran the faster his pursuer followed. Allowing himself to be caught at last, Mr. Franks perceived at once that he was recognized, but the contemptuous way in which the verger exclaimed, "Why, you're only one of them play-actors!" seemed to imply that a real burglar held a much higher place in his estimation.

In Roland Reed, America has lost a gifted and refined

comedian who could ill be spared. Nowhere was his death more deeply deplored by theater goers than here in Toronto, where he and Isadore Rush have played together many, many times in their most charming pieces. The New York "Tribune" well describes him as a "delineator of eccentric character of a contemporary type—such as the brisk and bustling commercial traveller, the pertinacious book agent, or the loquacious and complacent politician. He was a copyist of common life, gathering peculiar traits from different kinds of people and combining them into typical images, with the purpose to amuse a miscellaneous audience. His acting was marked by abundant animal spirits, facile execution and the drollery of a humorist."

Now that Uncle Tom's Cabin has been revived with great success in New York, and has got a new lease of life, hundreds of theater goers who have thrilled to the laying of Little Eva, are looking forward with more than ordinary pleasure to the production of Mrs. Stowe's picturesque drama of slavery days at the Princess next week. I predict big business for the Valentines in their rather "nervy" venture.

John Hare's engagement at the Grand next week ought to prove one of the most delightful treats of the whole season. The great English comedian, it is said, is fully determined to retire from the stage after this year. He



MR. JOHN HARE.

will be supported here by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and the entire London Globe Theater Company. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, and at the Saturday matinee they will play the *Gay Lord Quex*, while the Wednesday matinee and Friday and Saturday nights will be given up to *A Pair of Spectacles*.

Frank Keenan in *A Poor Relation* is the drawing card which will be played by Mr. Ambrose Small of the Toronto Opera House next week. It is said to be a good show.

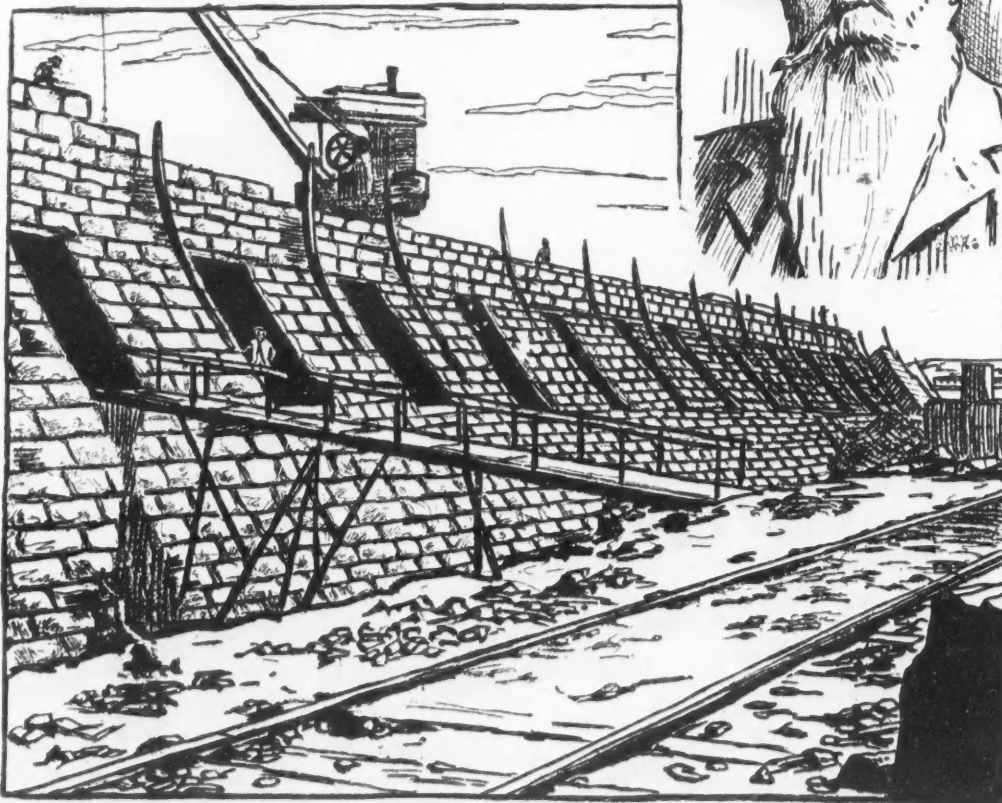
### An Appreciated Dedication.

Pietro Mascagni, whose fame came with the production of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, has, according to a London paper, grown weary of his critics, and as a response to them has dedicated his new opera, *The Masks*, to himself. This is the dedication: "To myself. With distinguished esteem and unalterable satisfaction."

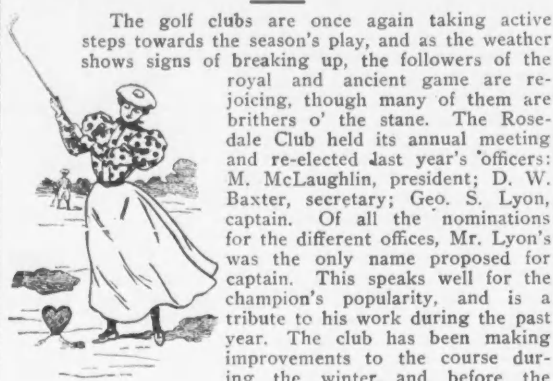
They were looking through the library. "If you had the divine gift, what would you write?" asked the romantic young woman. "Checks," replied the sordid young man. —*Waverley Magazine*.

### DAMMING THE RIVER NILE.

South side of the Assuan Dam—one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. There are in all 180 sluices. The dam creates a lake 144 miles long, and will convert hundreds of miles of desert into pasture land. Sir John Aird, the contractor, was the first man to walk dry-shod across the historic river.



### Golf.



The golf clubs are once again taking active steps towards the season's play, and as the weather shows signs of breaking up, the followers of the royal and ancient game are rejoicing, though many of them are brothers of the stane. The Rosedale Club held its annual meeting and re-elected last year's officers: M. McLaughlin, president; D. W. Baxter, secretary; Geo. S. Lyon, captain. Of all the nominations for the different offices, Mr. Lyon's was the only name proposed for captain. This speaks well for the champion's popularity, and is a tribute to his work during the past year. The club has been making improvements to the course during the winter, and before the season opens, the tees and greens will be in first-class shape. The club has its complement of members, and there are a number of names on the waiting list. Davie Ritchie, the pro, has been re-engaged for the year, and will shortly be on deck to begin the season's work.

The Toronto Club also re-elected its last year's officers: President and captain, W. G. P. Cassels; secretary, Stewart Gordon. The club has made, and is still making, great improvements in the links. The last nine holes have been lengthened 300 yards. The second ambrose has been done away with, and a new hole instituted before the punch bowl. The play after the tenth goes south again, and then back to the punch bowl. Water works have been put in and the fair and putting greens will be in such shape as they have never been before. The putting greens have also been specially seeded. The links at the lower club will be in shape much before that of Rosedale, as the ground is high and sandy. The entrance fee has been increased to \$25. Cumming, the pro, will, of course, have charge of the course.

The ladies of the Rosedale Club elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Walter Beardmore; secretary, Miss E. R. Boulton; captain, Miss Emily Moss. The fees for 1901 have been increased slightly. A separate course for the ladies has been talked about, and though this would be a good move, it looks impracticable as yet.

The Hamilton ladies have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie; vice-president, Mrs. J. Young; secretary, Miss Legatt.

The work of formation of the women's association has been practically at a standstill for the past six months. Mrs. Vere Brown had the matter in hand, but through illness in the family has been unable to give any time to it. There is a great deal of hard work in a matter of this kind, and the ladies have done well to put the affair in the hands of Mr. A. H. Campbell, Jr. This course was advised by "Saturday Night" last year.

The golfers of Toronto have been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Calcutt, of the Cleveland Club, who has come here to reside. He is a prospective member of the Rosedale, Toronto, and High Park Clubs. It will be interesting to see which he will pay for in the inter-club matches. The odds are with Toronto. HAZARD.

### From Mark to Andrew.

Here is a characteristic letter which Andrew Carnegie is said to have received from Mark Twain the other day: "Dear Mr. Carnegie,—Understanding that you are blessed at present with an unusual surplus of income, and knowing well your generous spirit and desire to do good to those who will help themselves, I want to ask you to make me a contribution of one dollar and fifty cents. When I was a young man my mother gave me a hymn-book which I faithfully used. It is now, thanks to my efforts, worn out, and I think it should be replaced, and you are the man to do this. Appreciating to the full the generous deeds that have made your name illustrious in this and other countries, and believing that in making me this donation you will be carrying on the spirit of your work, I am yours faithfully, Mark Twain. P.S.—Don't send the hymn-book; send the one dollar and fifty cents. M. T."

### On a Windless Night.

Without, the windless night was bitter cold. The ice-bound river thundered 'neath the frost. And softly were the window-panes embossed By those chill fingers, skilful from of old. But January round to June had rolled, For that I held her in true love's embrace; And all the rose of June was in her face, With paler tints that apple-blossoms unfold.

Sweetly reluctant, yielded she to me. Her pure soul shining in her deep-blue eyes. As there we closed and kissed our hearts away. Our beings mingled on our lips, to be In confluence forever and a day.— Even when this full-veined life descends and dies. W. T. ALLISON.

### Notes From the Capital.

Mrs. David Mills' Social Entertainments.—Seasonal Visitors Leaving for Easter.—Brilliant Dinner Given by the Leader of the Opposition.—Matrimonial Engagements Announced.—Annual Meetings of the Women's Morning Music Club and Ottawa Historical Society.



ONE of the largest dinners given this season was a dinner at the Russell last Friday evening, when Hon. David Mills and Mrs. Mills were host and hostess. The guests numbered between forty and fifty, and though dinner began a few minutes before eight, the guests rose from the table only at ten-thirty. A very long dinner indeed! The next afternoon Mrs. David Mills was again a hostess. This time it was a large At Home in the drawing-room of the Russell. An orchestra played from behind some palms in the corridor, and refreshments were served in an alcove. There were Cabinet Ministers present, and Cabinet Ministers represented by their wives. There were Senators and Members, and many seasonal visitors. In fact the strangers surpassed in number the residents of Ottawa at Mrs. Mills' tea.

Lady Laurier went to Montreal on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by her secretary, Miss Coutin. She spent several days in the early part of the week at her old home, Arthabaskaville, then returned to Montreal for Easter, where she has been joined by the Premier.

There has been quite a flitting from town for Easter, and when the seasonal visitors return to the Capital next week, gay times are prophesied. Senator and Madame Casgrain of Windsor are among those who have gone from the Russell. They are in Montreal with the Senator's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. T. Chase-Casgrain. Mrs. A. T. Wood and her daughter, Mrs. Roaf of Toronto, have gone. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones spent last week in Ottawa at the Russell, and were quickly becoming known in the Capital, and being entertained at luncheons and dinners, but they are among those who have flitted for Easter.

The event of last week, and a pleasant change from the monotony of dinner parties, was a reception at the Russell given by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden. It was a most successful entertainment, and a social triumph for the wife of the popular leader of the Opposition, for the prominent men of both parties responded to her invitation, and came to grace her reception. Sir Wilfrid was there. Lady Laurier wore a handsome gown of black satin appliqued on white. Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding and the Misses Fielding were there: Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. R. R. Dohell, Hon. Sidney Fisher, Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton, she looking handsome in rose brocade; Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and Lady Tunner, Hon. Clarke Wallace, Mr. Wade, M.P., and Miss Wade, Mr. Pringle, M.P., Mrs. Pringle, Senator and Madame Casgrain, Senator Landarkin, Senator Macdonald, Senator Mackay of Montreal, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, who this session is prominent in the press gallery, Mr. Richardson, M.P., Colonel Thompson, M.P., and the famous Colonel Sam Hughes, who wore his medals. There were few men present who were not either Senators, Members of Parliament, or journalists, and the men were more numerous than the women. For the entertainment of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Borden had provided singers, who were heard several times during the evening, and when vocal music was not going on, there was music by Valentine's orchestra, stationed in the corridor. Among the vocalists were Mr. C. E. Hawkin, a baritone who has lately come to Ottawa, and a member of the choir of All Saints' church, rapidly becoming the fashionable Anglican church of the Capital, notwithstanding the fact that it is known by one or two amusing parodies on its real appellation. Of course these must not be mentioned here. The other vocalist, also a member of the choir of All Saints', was Miss Gertrude Mainguy, who has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice. She sang twice very pleasingly during the evening. As always at receptions in the Russell, the refreshments were served in a large alcove half way down the corridor overlooking the rotunda of the hotel. Going in quest of refreshments gives an excuse to leave the drawing-room and promenade in the hall. Mrs. Borden has a very gracious manner, and she wore on this occasion a well-made gown of white satin which suited her to perfection. It was trimmed with handsome passementerie of pearls, and about her neck she wore a string of pearls and diamonds. Her husband received with her, and was quite as agreeable a host as she was a hostess.

After Easter it is said there will be a ball at the Russell. There was to have been a calico ball given there, but it is said to be "off" owing to scruples of those interested in the charity in whose aid it was to have been. On Thursday evening of Easter week a charity ball takes place in the Raquet Court in aid of the Children's Hospital. This is an annual ball, and is always well patronized. This year, owing to the dearth of balls, it will no doubt be patronized better than ever.

The dullness of the past winter has not prevented several matrimonial engagements from being made in time for announcement at Easter. Of these, two of the most interesting are that of Miss Laura Wise, one of Ottawa's sweetest singers, to Mr. P. D. Bentley, and that of Miss Maraquita Martin to Mr. Duncan of the North-West Mounted Police and brother of Mrs. Herbridge. Mr. Harvey Purford, the renowned hockeyist, has announced his engagement to a young lady of Brockville, and it is said his marriage will take place early this month.

Several annual meetings were held last week, among others those of the Women's Morning Music Club and the Ottawa Historical Society. At both, the ladies who resigned the presidency were returned to the office. Mrs. C. E. Harris is again president of the Morning Music Club, and Mrs. G. E. Foster will continue to preside over the destinies of the Historical. The annual meeting of the latter is always held on the evening of March 20th, the anniversary of the passing of the British North America Act. That date fell on Friday last, and at the meeting held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall that evening, Hon. R. R. Dohell took the chair, while among the distinguished gentlemen present were Hon. Senator Bernier and Hon. George E. Foster. Both these gentlemen addressed the audience. M. Bernier surprised his hearers by the excellence of his English. He read a paper written by himself on Pierre Gauthier de Varrennes, Sieur de La Verendrye, and explorer of Manitoba, and in whose honor a monument will some day be erected at St. Boniface, Man. The paper was in English, and the Minister read it with only a slight accent. Mr. Foster, who is one of Canada's brightest speakers, was, as usual, delightful. He rose to heights of eloquence in speaking of the love of country, which it is the object of all historical societies to inculcate. The Countess of Minto graced this meeting. She was attended by Captain Bell, A.D.C., and occupied a seat on the platform between Hon. R. R. Dohell and Hon. G. E. Foster. In addition to the addresses of these brilliant men, there was singing. Mr. Hawkin, who sang at Mrs. Borden's reception, contributed a couple of baritone solos, and Miss Bensusan of Australia, who has been Mrs. Collingwood Schrieber's guest, sang "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta Voix," by Saint-Saens. Miss Bensusan was a favorite while in Ottawa, and it was with regret that those who met her saw her go. She left early this week for Toronto, where she will visit some friends before proceeding to New York.

Much interest was excited in Ottawa lately by the news that little Miss Berthe Roy, Lady Laurier's protegee, had won a prize of \$20,000 in a musical competition in New York. This little girl was brought to Ottawa last year by Lady Laurier, who gave a reception for the special purpose of letting people hear her play, and perhaps with a hope that some philanthropist might become interested in her musical education. However, the young lady, who last year won a scholarship in New York, seems capable of working out her own fortune. She is by no means the first musical prodigy whose cause Lady Laurier has espoused, but she has succeeded better than the others.

AMARYLLIS.



## The Ha-ha-ha! Club,

OR,  
What One Woman Did.

A Record of Fact.  
By G. H. de B.



HE was a little woman, sad and lonely. There had been a husband loving and kind, babies sweet and clinging, and a home bright and beautiful, but of these only a memory remained. Trouble had also left its impress physically, and she was a nervous wreck. Seemingly all was impenetrable gloom, but poverty a blessing proved, as pride forbade dependence on friends. The search for employment brought her, out of solitude and brooding, into contact with the cold, unsympathetic world.

Work was obtained at a compensation which brought a bare livelihood, and the struggle began—a struggle never free from pain mentally and physically. For many weary months this life continued. One day, she read of a woman who had banished gloom from her heart and home by cultivating the art of laughing. As she re-read the article there appeared, as in a mirror, a vision of her life. She saw how the gloom enveloping her reached out, touching those with whom she came in contact, and that friends were avoiding her depressing presence, and she realized, as never before, that all instinctively choose as companions the contented and happy and avoid the gloomy and sad.

Could she not do as this woman had done? She had to go through life—had to live—and why not try to rise above her sorrow and pain? She was so lonely without her loved ones—so lonely—and could not bring them back to her, but she could fill her heart with love for all. Perhaps, after a time, if she cultivated cheerfulness—learned to laugh when her heart was breaking—she would really become happy. She would try, but a long weary struggle it would be. She would commence now—right now.

"Ha, ha, ha!" What a pitiful, forced attempt! "Ha, ha, ha!" Not laughter, but great sobs shook her frame. This would never do; laugh she must.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" and the determined little woman struggled, sobbing and laughing hysterically, but tears gained the ascendancy, and she sobbed as she had not done since trouble came upon her. Tears had been few, for grief had been deep. The overflow assisted nature in dispelling the pall of sadness enveloping her, as a heavy downpour of rain will clear a murky, close atmosphere, after which the air will be bright and clear.

Daunted not by failure, the next evening a second attempt was made, and after another hysterical outburst the effort culminated in a really hearty laugh.

The resolve formed was faithfully carried out. Many times, wearied with work and suffering from pain, it would seem impossible to force a laugh. At first it was not unusual to struggle fifteen or twenty minutes, but she knew not the meaning of defeat.

The idea of laughing with nothing to laugh at, and no one to laugh with, was most ridiculous, and the absurdity of it would frequently cause the desired laugh when all else failed. All crumbs of brightness were carefully treasured and shadows passed unnoted, for to the one who sees not a shadow it is as if it were not. Presently the clouds enveloping her began to lift. Friends remarked on the change, and questioned as to what pleasant thing had come into her life. She laughed merrily, but would not divulge her secret. She was left alone no longer, but was always in demand. Even the physical troubles physicians had pronounced incurable began to yield to the hopeful spirit.

But, it was not all brightness even yet in the life of the little widow. At times a wave of loneliness would break over her, and there would come a longing for the presence of husband and the touch of baby fingers, but when darkness enveloped her and the whole world seemed fog-bound a laugh would scatter the clouds, and again there would be joy and sunshine.

One day, calling on a confirmed invalid, hoping to cheer and amuse, she told of her resolve, and the change it had made in her life. From the sick-room came peal after peal of merry laughter. The children hearing, ran in, round-eyed with wonder at mother's laughing so heartily. On explanation they thought it such fun they wanted mother to promise they might gather in her room each evening and have a laugh together. The invalid looked at the bright faces surrounding her, and gave the desired promise. After merry discussion, it was decided to form a club called the "Ha, ha, ha! Club," the one rule being that each evening at nine o'clock members must indulge in a right hearty laugh, but if circumstances made it impossible at that hour, to laugh before retiring for the night.

This proved such a source of amusement to the children they could not resist telling their playmates, who all wished to become members of the club.

The fear of ridicule had prevented the little woman from entrusting her secret to others, but now, realizing what had helped her would cheer others, she took many into her confidence. Some ridiculed, but the sneers and scoffs of the few were unheeded, as many sorrowing ones were helped.

The "Ha, ha, ha! Club" grew rapidly, even extending to other towns, and including among its members clergymen, doctors, lawyers, professors, merchants, mechanics, mothers, sisters, and children. The children especially thought it the greatest fun imaginable, and never forgot the club hour. The greater number of members were secured through the enthusiasm of the little ones, although many joined, realizing that a good, hearty laugh sets the blood circulating, and is a most exhilarating tonic. No one knows the sunshine of a laugh until it has been tested. It sends the blues flying, melts anger, dissolves peevishness, robs slurs and slights of their sting. A hearty laugh will put an army of blue devils to flight; even a ghost of a laugh gives them a panic.

Many amusing incidents occurred. The little woman, before her peculiarity had become known to the family with whom she lived, one evening caused quite a commotion. The mother and daughter passing her door, and hearing, as they thought, sobs and moans, hurriedly entered, to find their boarder stretched on a couch convulsed with suppressed merriment. The look of amazement on the countenances of the intruders only added to the mirth of the other. Finally she succeeded in explaining that she was laughing over something funny seen during the day, but could not possibly remember what it was. The two looked at her, and then at each other with pitying glances, apologized for entering so unceremoniously, and withdrew. They told her afterwards they thought trouble was turning her brain and her fate would be an asylum. However, they soon became accustomed to her vagaries, and when a merry peal of laughter came from a certain room it was echoed throughout the house. If there were guests, and a gay laugh was heard on the stroke of nine, members of the family would look smilingly at each other, and thereupon would follow explanations and general hilarity.

A dignified couple took their family to a sacred concert one evening, on the way cautioning the children they were not to give way to mirth until after their return home. When a clock near the church, with a sharp, clear ring, struck nine, the children exchanged glances and the smaller ones began to giggle. Reproving looks did not have the desired effect, and there were symptoms of an outbreak. Just then the organ pealed forth in low, deep tones, and a dog, which had sneaked in after its owner into the church, set up a mournful howl. This was too much for the risibilities of the children, and there was a general outburst, but as there was a titter throughout the audience, it passed without much notice. In the commotion caused by the ejection of the musical dog, to save

further trouble, the hilarious youngsters were instructed to depart for home.

The "Ha, ha, ha! Club" still continues to flourish, and is the jolliest affair imaginable. It is open to all who wish to join, the poorest and the richest; the saddest and the happiest. Desponding and unfortunate ones are especially welcome. Its influence has lightened many hearts and brightened many homes. There is no balloting for members and no initiation; the only necessity is a resolve to obey the one rule and conscientiously adhere to that resolution.

### "Grandma" Gilbert and Augustine Daly.

IN her "Stage Reminiscences," Mrs. Gilbert, the grandmother of the American stage, has some interesting things about the late Augustine Daly.

"Mr. Daly would permit no 'gagging,' and quite right too! But we who worked together all the time struck sparks out of one another, as it were. And inspirations would come in all sorts of odd ways. Still, I never would make a point, or say a thing, no matter how funny it might be, unless it was in keeping with the special person I was doing, something she, not I, would say. Once, I know, in a Woman's Won't, when we sat down to our table and began with our oyster broth—real broth it was, and uncommonly good, too—Mr. Lewis said, 'Pass me the crackers.' 'Now, there were no crackers, as it happened, and we were at a loss for a moment. I could think of nothing better to say than the current slang of the day: 'They're in the soup.' It was funny, and I could see the 'Governor,' at his station in the wings, double up in his amusement. No crackers were allowed on the table after that, and I was always given a chance to get off my slang. Sometimes, though, Mr. Daly would tire of these inter-polations, or would fancy that they lost their point and their freshness with too frequent repetition. Then he would stop them short.

"Once toward the end, when we were rehearsing Cyrano de Bergerac, I unconsciously made a contribution to the 'business.' It was in the scene where the two pages come in with Cyrano to serenade Roxane. I was standing by as the duenna. The music was very pretty and catchy.

no one believes that women wear their new apparel devoutly. They must have something new, whatever the reason, or the cost; the luxurious—an entire costume, and she who cannot afford this may at least become possessed of a magnetic hat. Now and again you meet one who tells you—and quite cheerfully—that she can have but a new pair of gloves.

In the milliner's mind, through these quiet weeks, a weighty guess has been brewing: How are her creations to compare with those of a sister fashioner, on that eventful day—Easter Sunday—when the church visitor, on a back bench, looks critically forward over a swaying surface of purple, white and black, underneath which he finally sees the worshippers, though very secondary in importance.

The violets will not die! They have blossomed in feminine hat-gardens for several Marches, to the exclusion, almost, of every other flower. Nor is an occasional hot day in April sufficient to wither their brightness. The fondness for the violet in Easter-time millinery may arise from the fact that its color intones so well with the Lenten altar hangings, and from other ecclesiastic associations, perhaps, of that glorious purple hue.

People of the East have always, as far back in time as history can remember, worn new garments to grace festivities, and from such custom may have evolved our present-day fashion of new gowns at this season.

Persian rulers kept extensive wardrobes stored with dresses—many hundreds of them—to distribute among guests as a token of rejoicing at their presence (a nice but expensive courtesy), and everyone detained in royal halls under a social obligation carried away a costly remembrance.

A certain Caliph of Bagdad, renowned for his generous spirit, going one day to the upper roof of his palace to revel in the fine view thus afforded, discovered in every direction clothes spread upon the house-tops of the poor quarters. Learning that the inhabitants had washed their old clothes, in want of new ones, for the approaching Festival, the Caliph was much concerned. He therefore ordered a great quantity of gold to be made into bullets and fastened to arrow heads, which he and his courtiers threw,



My feet always answered to the sound of music anyway, and this time, having nothing in particular to do, I began to 'step it out,' and was having a great dance all to myself when I heard Miss Rehan whisper: 'Governor, look at Grandma!' He looked and nodded. Of course the Cyrano (Mr. Richmond) looked too, and that brought me back to my part as staid and proper as a duenna should be, making a pretty finish to the scene. Mr. Daly made us rehearse it thoroughly, and it became part of the performance. He used to say I need never be out of the cast, for I could always dance, even if I had no lines to say. Once he introduced a Sir Roger de Coverly, just to bring me on. It was then that I teased my friends, telling them that I had been promoted to the front row of the ballet, and must put all the photographs of my men friends out of my rooms when their wives called, so as not to compromise them.

"A lovely trait of Mr. Daly's character was his tenderness and thought of children. I never knew him to pass a little newsboy on the street without buying a paper, and he always took the paper with a look in his eye as much as to say: 'We must help the boys to get a living.' A beautiful trait, not giving as charity but buying what the boy had to sell.

"People may say that Mr. Daly's place can be easily filled, that his influence will not last, and all that. But the longer we are without him, the more I seem to miss him. He was so watchful, so keen to see any falling off in one's rendering of a part, so quick to modify any little mannerism or foolish trick in a beginner's work; to me there doesn't seem anyone left to say: 'Don't!'

### Easter, a la Mode.

THE dressmakers' Lent has been a busy one. No early services at church for her. Not that she has overslept—far from it. The sunrise hour has ever found her ready, but only to pedal a sewing-machine throughout the monotonous day, now and again pausing to puzzle over a distressing bit of hand-work, or tiresome fitting, and often far into the night has she plied her needle, in order to turn out all the fashionable dresses promised festive women to don Easter Day.

'Tis a fixed custom, this, of new things for Easter; yet

by means of cross-bows, upon every poor terrace within the city.

Even the cruel Turks were prettily sentimental, the poorest depriving themselves of the very necessities of life rather than appear at the Bairam, or Great Festival, in old or shabby garments.

How superior we civilized beings are; for, rather than appear poorly clad at this happy time, we, who can afford no fine raiment, merely deprive our dressmaker of the necessities of life, by forgetting to pay the bills!

MERILANI.

### A German Picture of The Future.

Scene—A school-room of the twentieth century. Teacher (to a new scholar)—Jack, are you inoculated against crump?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?

Pupil—Yes, sir, I have.

Teacher—Have you your own drinking cup?

"Yes, sir."

Teacher—Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?

"Yes, sir."

Teacher—Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur, and to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?

"Yes, sir."

Teacher—Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can step over that wire, occupy an isolated seat made of aluminium, and begin your arithmetic lesson."

From the "Zeitschrift fuer Erziehung und Unterricht."

### A Wish.

Shine, little sunbeams, blow, welcome breeze, Drop from the clouds, gentle showers. We're longing for rainbows and leaves on the trees, and baby is watching for flowers.

—Anna M. Pratt in "Youth's Companion."

### The Manners of Our Youth.

THE twentieth century," says someone, "will be the children's century." "Which," retorts another, "will be the fault of the parents," and the subtle remark will bear a multiple interpretation.

Mr. Seton-Thompson's afternoon lecture must have set many a grown-up athinking upon the manners of our twentieth century youth. Yet that a hall full of schoolboys and schoolgirls unrestrained by any supervision—albeit they were appealed to by an Inspector of renown—should be slightly obnoxious was perhaps to be expected. Lectures are not precisely the exact form of instruction—or even of recreation—which three-year-olds, or even fifteen-year-olds, crave; however entertaining the lecturer and however graphic his magic lantern slides. If, as Le Bon has shown, a mob of adults is with difficulty restrained, with how much more a mob of small folk!

"Restraint"—that surely is the crux of the problem, and of restraint, I take it, there is in this hemisphere and in this century an insufficient appreciation. A highly elaborate and much belauded system of State-aided education has insensibly shifted the burden of the responsibility for children from the parent to the schoolmaster. One little piece of evidence for this fact is the oft-recurring plea for the teaching of "morality" in school, as if "morality" were teachable by blackboards and chalk, not by the precepts and examples of home life.

And when we mention "home life" perhaps we put our finger on the very secret of the difficulty.

The present writer came to this country some twenty odd years ago. Before he had been many months here—in a quiet country town—two things struck him as somewhat different from the ways and habits to which he had been accustomed: first, an almost entire absence of that "home circle," as it is so aptly named, where, in the evening, father and mother and brothers and sisters, with perhaps an intimate friend or two, gather about a drawing-room, in peaceful, and, often enough, jovial, family intercourse; second, an almost equally entire absence of any care being exercised by the father or the mother as to the associates of their children. I hope I am not unwittingly offending any precise and proper Canadian materfamilias, but what I saw with my own eyes was this, that materfamilias was utterly ignorant of where Tom or Dick or Harry was, what he was doing, and whom he was with—Tom, Dick, and Harry, he it remembered, being still in their teens. As to Mary or Susan or Jane, I cannot speak so positively; but this I do know, that neither Mary nor Susan nor Jane (nor, for aught I know, their mother) thought twice about the propriety of being escorted to and from this dance, or that concert, or the other play by a youthful beau who did not even take the trouble to ask for her mother when he called for his belle.

I hasten to admit that the conditions of social life which obtain in the New World differ toto coelo from those in the Old. There is here no domestic hearth about which to form a family circle; the evenings, both in summer and in winter, invite one out of doors; chaperones are scarce; and, in little country towns, everybody knows everybody. And, perhaps, when one has said this one has performed admitted that the results of this are inevitable, are reasonable.

So be it. And yet—and yet, a comparatively old fogey may perhaps be pardoned for thinking that, were there a little more paternal and maternal supervision and restraint, there might be a little less youthful obstreperousness.

"You can't expect old heads on young shoulders," I shall be told. No doubt. But for that very reason ought not old heads to put a certain amount of restraint on young shoulders? T. A. H.

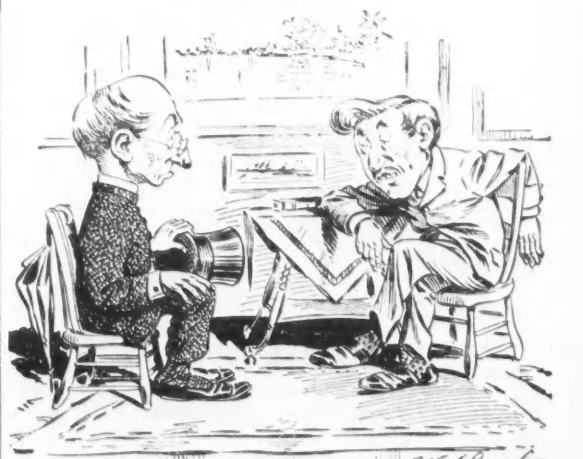
### How They Stocked the Larder.

M R. T. B. THALBERG, who has been on the stage for twenty years and is now playing Lord Windermere in Lady Windermere's Fan at the Coronet Theatre, London, tells a capital story of a blizzard in the United States, when he was travelling through the wide-stretching, dreary plains of Nebraska. He was awakened one night in the sleeping-car by cold flakes of snow drifting through the double windows, and the train was at a standstill. A terrific blizzard was blowing from the north, and in the morning the passengers realized the fact that they were snow-bound. One desolate, frame house could be seen in the distance. There was no dining-car on the train. Everybody felt very hungry. At mid-day an idea occurred to one of the famished actors. There were a number of beautiful prize chickens in the front car of the train. The famished actor pressed three of his comrades, and a quiet but determined little American into the service; fully armed, they disappeared together, and if the rightful owner of the prize chickens could have seen what happened next it would have made him very sad—or savage!

When the unfortunate chickens were killed and plucked, another difficulty arose. How were they to be cooked? The four actors and the small American again volunteered their services. With arms linked together, every man grasping a bird in each hand, they left the train and fought their way through the deep drifts of snow towards the one desolate dwelling. Here they borrowed a great zinc pan; the actors cast in the prey, and the little American stirred up the fire in the stove and became chief chef. When the zinc pan with its hissing chicken stew, was carried back to the train, the five adventurers were greeted with cheers by their fellow passengers. A hungry commercial traveller—the stoutest man in the car—seized the pan and attempted to get his share even before the ladies had been served. Then the little American coolly drew a revolver out of his hip-pocket and held it over the chicken stew. "Sir, after us!" was all he said, and the commercial traveller had to be content at last with a couple of wish-bones!

There is a prospect that a monument to Pope will be erected on the site of his famous villa at Twickenham.

### On The Minister.



Rev. Dr. Thirdly—No, sir; a minister should never use another minister's sermon.  
Deacon Kidder—I think he is justified under some circumstances.  
Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Under what circumstances, sir.  
Deacon Kidder—Well, for instance, if it was a very short sermon.



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 2, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., April 22, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., May 11, 10 a.m.  
 Bremen  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., May 21, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., May 22, 10 a.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

Naples, Genoa  
 Werra, Sat., March 30, 1 p.m.  
 Travre, Sat., April 6, 10 a.m.  
 Hohenzollern, Sat., April 13, 11 a.m.  
 Aller, Sat., April 27, noon.  
 Werra, Sat., May 4, 10 a.m.

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New York—Southampton—London  
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 St. Louis, April 3, St. Louis, April 24  
 New York, April 10, New York, May 1

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
 Sailing Wednesdays at noon.  
 Noordland, Mar. 27, Southwark, April 10  
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Full particulars from any R. R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

## Four Track "No. 32."

The February issue of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" (No. 32), sailings of ocean steamships from all important Atlantic and Pacific North American ports, in connection with the great through passenger trains of the Central, is a timely and interesting and convenient publication on the lines which have made the series standard and world known. The steamship information is well arranged in concise form, and gives in brief space all essential information for the "globe trotters."

A copy of No. 32 of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" will be sent free, post-paid, to any address in the world on receipt of a postage stamp of any country on the globe, by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

## Anecdotal.

A few months before her death the Queen asked a Church of England clergyman in the Isle of Wight how he got on with the Nonconformists, adding, with a delightful touch of the Irish mischievousness which she never wholly lost, "You will have to get on with them in heaven, you know."

When a popular young author came to see William M. Evans while he was Secretary of State, in behalf of a consular position for which he was an applicant, Mr. Evans congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add, "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."

At a dinner-party a young man was once talking rather foolishly about Darwin and his books, speaking very contemptuously of them, and he said to the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce): "My Lord, have you read Darwin's last book on the Descent of Man?" "Yes, I have," said the bishop,

## The Book Shop

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Ernest Seton Thompson

Author and Artist  
 "Wild Animals I Have Known."  
 "Trail of the Sandhill Stag."  
 "Biography of a Grizzly Bear."

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whereupon the young man continued: "What nonsense it is talking of our being descended from apes! Besides, I can't see the use of such stuff. I can't see what difference it would make to me if my grandfather was an ape." "No," the bishop replied, "I don't see that it would; but it must have made an amazing difference to your grandmother!" The young man had no more to say.

Just before Max O'Rell (Mr. Paul Housat) recently delivered a lecture to the students of a religious college in the East one of the professors stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he said: "O Lord, Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have to-night with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them." "I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether those particular auditors were so dull that they needed divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

Augustus Hare tells an amusing story of one of his visits to Rome. He had conveyed his little flock, which included at least one live prince, through the palace of the Caesars and had gathered there near the forum, when he observed a stranger who had attached himself to the party, "looking more and more angry every minute." At length this interloper could stand Mr. Hare no longer. He burst forth in denunciations. "All that this person has been telling you," he informed the party in a loud voice, "about the palace of the Caesars he has had the effort to relate to you as if it were his own. You will be astonished, gentlemen and ladies, to hear that it is taken word for word—word for word, without the slightest acknowledgment—from Mr. Hare's Walks in Rome." "All I said," says Mr. Hare, "was: 'Oh, I am so much obliged to you. I did not know there was anybody in the world who would defend my interests so kindly. I am Augustus Hare.' It was a magnificent moment."

Although many photographs of Sir Redvers Buller have been exhibited lately in the various shop windows all over the country, the popular general has not only having to sit for his portrait, but having his likeness circulated in any shape or form. Sir Redvers has no sympathy with those celebrities who glory in facing the camera. A few weeks ago the general was dining at the house of a certain friend of his, and after dinner allowed himself to be "talked to" by a very lively and pretty but objectionably conceited young lady, whose principal topic of conversation was "self." "Do you know, Sir Redvers," said she, "I was photographed yesterday in three different positions. In one I was standing on the ground; in another I was standing on a balcony; and in the third position—the prettiest of them all—can you guess how I was standing?" Sir Redvers answered quietly, "Standing on your head, perhaps, my dear young lady!" The conceited one afterwards remarked that Sir Redvers was "quite delightful, and really so original!"

Some interesting anecdotes of Edward VII. are told by a prominent Illinois man of the time when the Prince of Wales visited America under the title of Lord Renfrew. It was in the fall of 1880, and the Prince, with a party of St. Louis friends, invaded the state for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens (which corresponds with our partridge shooting). His success in bagging game quite carried the Prince away, figuratively, and also literally, during one shoot, for he was soon lost from both his friends and attendants in a country totally unknown to him. When he finally realized the fact, he determined to reach some sort of habitation as quickly as possible in order that he might reach Bresse, the party's headquarters, before dark. He was quite worn out when he came upon a Scotch-Irishman plowing in a field. The Prince approached him and commanded him to hitch his horses at once to the nearest wagon, and drive him as speedily as possible to Bresse.

When he stopped, quietly took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and stared in amazement. "What is the matter, my good man?" said the Prince. "It is not so far to Bresse." "Faith, it's no business I have got in Bresse the day." "But, man, it is important that I should be there without delay." "Faith, an' I am sorry for that, sor." "Perhaps," said the Prince, haughtily, but with a suppressed sneeze, "if you will hitch your horses, you do not know that you are refusing to do a service for an English nobleman?" "Sure, an' that's nather here nor there to me, sor. If you want me to take you to Bresse show your wad." Finally, realizing what he meant by "wad," the Prince thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a five-dollar bill. That settled it. Title or no title, the road was open to Bresse, and the Prince, in his haste, said the Irishman as he hastily fastened his horses to the wagon. On the road the Prince chatted familiarly with his grotesque and original friend, passing, as he afterwards remarked, one of the most amusing hours of his trip. The Irishman was delighted, and his prejudice against titled heads was rapidly diminishing when as they came in sight of Bresse they met several of the party in quest of him. Getting out of the wagon and mounting the horse that had been led out for him the Prince turned to his new friend and said: "My good man, when you return home just tell your wife that you drove the Prince of Wales into Bresse." "Well, faith," said the Irishman, shifting his reins into his left hand, "an' that's a good one. Extending his hand, he said, with a grin: "Shake! Prince or no prince, you're the right sort, and if ye ever come into these parts again jest drop in. The old woman would be powerful glad to see ye."

"The Job that would just suit me," said a man who admitted that he was born lazy, "is that of a linenman to a wireless telegraph company."

## Wax or Flint.

## The Country Mouse. Orange Blossoms.

"ALL me anything but impressionable," writes a woman. "It is so weak and shadowy and second rate a trait." But when you come to think of it, it is rather a pleasant and graceful one, and it is very difficult to take either tone, form or color from passing influences. To be impressionable isn't to be weak—sometimes it is a misfortune. The impressionable person at a deadly, dull dinner, a vast vista of yawns, changing plates, gasps of talk, long stretches of silence. It's bad enough to be taken to the person you can't look in the face without scurrying round in your tie dinner of four is quite the jolliest, chair; (I often think that is why a little because one can see everyone properly, but when that person grunts or gurgles in reply, and everyone else is oblivious to one, then the impression begins to overshadow the soul and suffering sets in. A great gasp of relief and a rash confidence to a woman or a friend, "I'm giving it over. What a life we were! I thought it would never end." And then you collapse when the cheerful reply comes: "Really? I enjoyed it very much, and was just thinking what a nice dinner I had." That's the difference between being impressionable and otherwise. The impressionable person is at the mercy of a certain class of talker who gives him a silhouette that is quite horrifying to the city mouse, or a pitiful description, or he is impressed in an unreasonable way by some trifling trait of an otherwise estimable friend, some careless word or act, which stamps his opinions, hardens and stays persistently to the detriment of that other. A trifling courtesy, a chivalrous utterance also will cause the impressionable one to hate the other with an enduring glory and charm. The little things will never affect in the slightest the hard surface of the unimpressionable mind. But weighing the advantages and disadvantages of impressionability, it seems better to take all sorts of impressions than to take none. Only, I fancy, when it applies to the opposite sex and their influence, it may be a weakness and a misfortune to be more than slightly impressionable. The impressionable party will soon muddle and finally mislay his ideal, as the composite photograph gives generally a very uninteresting hash of a face.

The country mouse who comes to the city on a visit is most refreshing. It gives new meaning to the very posters on the hoardings to look at them with the country mouse. If she has been in the city, she has seen the houses of delight, to be visited with great jubilation; the shop windows are entrancing; the wax ladies with the 5.95 cloth street suits are hours with hypnotic power in their glass eyes. The country mouse doesn't always glory in the only shops that never fall upon the city mouse, the flower shops. She shops in wondering delight, tries on hats with an abandon that is quite horrifying to the city mouse, who wouldn't put her sleek head into a pattern hat for many golden crowns, poses shyly before the mirror with a stupendous chapeau on her braids, and then buys a fifteen-cent veil quite contentedly. She is irresponsible, irrational and very enjoyable, if one has the time and strength to chaperone her about. Just at this season she is to be seen on every side. Her winter coat is a bit shabby, but her face is a May morning; her gloves are stretched and rubbed, but her fingers are clever to twist a bow into shape or stitch the new frock. It is to be light gray, says my own country mouse, with bands of white cloth, and a hat with violets for Easter day. Happy country mouse! She will go to church, and feel the proud consciousness that, miserable sinners as she is in the Litany, she comes the cynosure of neighboring eyes in the Creed, and during the sermon has distinct glory in the modest abasement of other and sundry mice who didn't get their Easter togs in the city. Dear wee country mouse, let us all pray for a fine, mild, sunshiny day for her to-morrow!

From the Bahamas there comes an Easter letter to-day, a letter which scented the sanctum on being opened, and disclosing some wonderful white flowers, orange blossoms for the Easter bride, God bless her! The Easter bride shall have them, to perfume her meek words of loyalty and obedience, as she speaks them in the heavy atmosphere of the Eastern flowers before the altar. And in the strong living scent of the lilacs which she brings, she comes the cynosure of neighboring eyes in the Creed, and during the sermon has distinct glory in the modest abasement of other and sundry mice who didn't get their Easter togs in the city. Dear wee country mouse, let us all pray for a fine, mild, sunshiny day for her to-morrow!

To you others, who love bright greetings, I wish the joy of Easter, the assurance to the dull or doubting of the fact that never to the end, the thought that the darkest hour is just before the day; to the happy, that they celebrate in this joyous season the crowning joy of each and all of us.

## LADY GAY.

## The Joy of Middle Life.

"Rosa Dartle." Among the many things which my thirst for information makes me desire to know is the reason why almost no one chooses to recognize that middle age is middle age, and not youth. When the twenties are over and the thirties begin, we are, at all events, on the confines of middle age—is not life almost half over?—and if we are wise we shall recognize this, and refrain (as most people past their first youth do not refrain) from prematurely digging our graves with our teeth. For it is an undeniable fact that life after thirty demands a way of living different from that suitable to life before.

The modern man or woman is not at high-water mark, mentally and physically, until close on thirty; and the "filling-out" body and developing brain need liberal nourishment. When thirty is touched the full middle of life begins; the hill is climbed, and the tableland that comes before the downward slope lies ahead. Now, we have only to keep what has been gained, physically; now, we are in the thick of the fight, mentally, and every ounce of unnecessary indulgence tells in the close finishes and hard-run-home stretches of modern life. Quain, the great physician, speaking of this period of life, tells us that up to thirty our motto should be "Sustine" (nourish); from thirty to fifty, "Sustine et abstine" (nourish and abstain); and after fifty, "Sustine" again.

The thirties, to an ambitious man or woman gifted with brains, are a glorious time of life. The intellect is at its very best. "High climb and deep dive, may a man at thirty-five," says the old poet; and modern life only sets the stage of perfection a little further on. Woman's beauty, in these days of charming middle-age, often ripens to fuller perfection during the early thirties, although the "beaute du diable," dependent on the first dewy softness of young maidenhood, does not outlast five or six-and-twenty.

But the enjoyment of this era does not merely come like the visionary and poetic delights of early youth. It must to a great extent be bought. Lessons of self-restraint, of common sense, of judgment, have been taught (often painfully enough) by the mistakes of earlier years, and they must be put in force. Self-restraint is, indeed, the keynote of middle-age happiness.

Mrs. Keyboard—Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note. Old Stokes—Neither can anyone else while I'm there.

Bartlett—I hear that your next-door neighbors have a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has? Jackson—Only about three a day, and those are only for meals.

Tommy—Pop, what's the difference between a habit and a vice? Tommy's Pop—Habits, my son, are our own frailties; vices are those of other people.

Harrye—I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week.  
 Carrye—Why every time I see you you have on the same suit.  
 Harrye—Well, this is the one.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A Scribe Unpleased—I. Your Valentine-day study duly arrived. It showed a good deal of ability, and is rather what is known as a legal hand, but you are sometimes quite careless of small, important matters. You have lucidity of thought and facility of expression. You are open to influence, a little susceptible, generally discreet and honest, adaptable, you have dominant will, and bright receptivity, hope, but no marked ambition. What the matter with Ottawa? I thought the Parliament Buildings and Parliament Hill generally the most satisfactory feature of the scenery I had met in Canada. You may pitch into any other city of your choice, but I don't touch Ottawa! I think you had better study up a bit, and go in for law, certainly; I once had a go at it myself, and liked it finely. Cheerful Old Maid—You say enclosed please find coupon, but I have a coupon was there, and your letter was well valued up, too. To be an earner, and not a snubbed, don't always go together. I am the first, but though I dare say there have been those who'd love to snub me, they haven't done so. Aristocracy of brains is good, but there are other sorts, too; even wealth does spruce up decent people to be quite snooty sometimes. Never mind 'em, my dear. You are a practical person, and have no crude nor rasping corners to hurt yourself and others. "No longer in the heyday of youth," you say, and seemingly with regret. Youth, dear woman, isn't a matter of years; the heart and soul are always young if we will it so. Even the separation we make of men and women is much as we like, sometimes nearly nothing. I don't know which particular remarks pleased you at this late date, but am glad of their effect. Cheer up! With such a writing, you should be very independent of ordinary influences.

Rex O—I am afraid if ever I were likely to say anything "very nasty," as you express it, it would be to those who indulge in that peculiar chirography known as "backhand," as you do. It is so false and inharmonious, so studied and "pose-y," you see! Yours shows tenacity, imagination, expression, quick perception, some ambition, loquacity, and lack of grace and finish. Don't you find it difficult not to tell tales to bear? Your writing shows great resource, self-reliance, and a bright and sparkling style. You should be a

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charming friend, and if you give yourself a few airs of superiority, they are amply justified. You would never hurt anyone's feelings, though you might easily enjoy a prank at the expense of a friend. You are adaptable and rather optimistic. You are quite young and full of life, and you are full of ideas. You are a constant, sociable, not very sure in judgment, open to influence through sentiment. Should say, if you love, you would be capable of great devotion. High spirits, original expression, and a quiet fancy are suggested as much, I confess, by your composition as your photographs. It is not so much a corset as an ingratiating hand-sure to hold a special and original charm. Writer has humor, decision, and always appears at her best in prominent positions.

Cheerful Old Maid No. 2—Here you come with your coupon. I have just opened both letters. Your writing shows gracious and pleasant manner, experience and self-reliance, cheerfulness, over-fulness of speech, love, and a beautiful, good taste, rather an idealistic nature, one or two prejudices, and a sensitive and somewhat easily influenced nature. I can fancy how you would shoulder the cause of oppressed or injured humanity, while you are enterprising and adaptable, you prefer old ways and comforts to the rush and luxury of to-day. It is a very pleasing study.

Viola—Thanks for good wishes. We aren't doing so badly. Your writing shows a buoyant temperament and a buoyant ambition, bright mentality, impulse, practical nature, uncertain aims, but good sequence of ideas. You lack culture, decision and repose, but have many bright and interesting traits. When you learn to control impulse and nerves, you'll save many a waste of energy. I can fancy how you would succeed in your chosen art.

Madeline—July 7th makes you a cancer girl. You need to look very carefully upon every tendency to display and guard yourself and your friends against broken promises. Don't set your heart too firmly upon an object, for you'll lose interest, the sooner. Sometimes the cancer people are really a cross to themselves, with their sudden loss of interest in person or a project. They are called false, inconsistent, flits, and so on, when they follow their natural failing. Your writing is most superior and delightful. I suppose I told you that before, did I not? Write when you can; I shall always be glad to hear from you. Never mind telling your real name; it means nothing at this distance. I quite echo your wish that we may meet "some day."

A Jonah—I don't think Jonah was so unlucky, or that he brought such bad luck after all. He was really intended in the first place to avert it, if possible. You are dominant, decided, and rather a dashing sort of person, it appears to me; you certainly are a pessimist but that goes with many strong natures. Your writing somewhat contradicts itself, but so probably do you, and your judgment isn't always quite even. You are very averse to emotional influence and dislike gush and sentiment, though you are kind, generous and pleasant-tempered. January 13th is a very good day to be born on. You're a goat of the horniest description, and not liable to be as playful as a kitten, or as inconsequent as a butterfly. The children of Capricorn take life seriously, as a rule, and need lightning and brightening a bit.

Patricia—I. Lady Gay's best compliments to you, my dear. She is really most appreciative and sends many good words and thoughts to you. 2. Your writing is fine. Courage, self-reliance, quick decisive action, frankness, lack of finess, much dominant power, generosity, adaptability, not much logic, but fair intuition—a rather material nature, which would be much enriched by a study of the more spiritual side of



things. A real goot, and no mistake, with a quaint touch of obstinacy and pugnacity.  
 New Century.—A capable, up-to-date and energetic person, with pleasant temper, excellent judgment, and careful method. You are able to adapt yourself to circumstances, are cheerful, sympathetic, generally cautious, and with good sequence of ideas. You are practical, not likely to dominate others, but have good control of yourself. Some ambition is suggested, and a very harmonious nature, with honesty, truth and affection.

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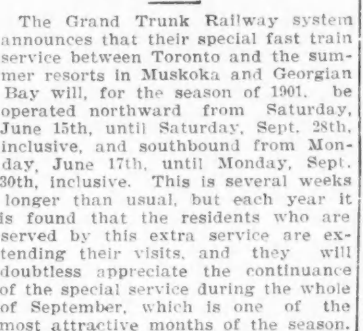
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J. W.



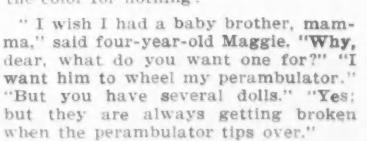
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Shortly after their marriage, when her eldest child, Ida, was a babe-in-arms, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley arrived the shop one morning with the intent in quest of a dinner service. A despatch took them upstairs to inspect the stock and to find that what they had never been better entertained with by witnessing the scene that followed, and that occupied the hour they were in the building. In that time the Greeleys looked over the entire collection of dinner sets, but without success. They were disappointed in Greeley to purchase any particular one. Whenever Mr. Greeley expressed a liking for any special pattern, his wife would say: "Mr. Greeley, how can you see anything to admire in these commonplace, vulgar-looking dinner sets?" "Yes," he would say, "I can see them on my table!" Yes, I think thousands times rather have nothing



The mining news in a recent issue of the Sun, includes the disclosure that Dr. Frank Gunsaulus' church in Chicago has patented mining property in the Cripple Creek district, and proposes to develop it with vigour in the hope of profits wherewith to build itself a temple in Chicago. The temple is to be called Good-Will Temple, and the Good-Will Mining Company is to

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EVERETT'S COMENDADOR**





## MUSIC

**F** OXY QUILLER, the new opera by De Koven and Smith, produced for the first time in Toronto at the Grand on Monday night, does not impress one as a highly original work. It was given a most elaborate investiture, and the stage was for the greater part of the performance crowded with groups of lads and maidens, soldiers and sailors, clad in very gay and picturesque costumes. The music seems to show that the composer's inspiration is waning. He has drawn largely upon his old inventions, which at the same time appear so transfigured that their element of popularity is weakened. Leaving out the strictly buffo songs for the leading character, Foxy Quiller, in which the music is of minor consideration, there are only a few numbers of a serious character. These are a tarantelle for soprano and chorus, a serenade with chorus and mandolin and guitar accompaniment, a concerted number with a madrigalian flavor, and a solo for Foxy with choral accompaniment, entitled On a Summer Day, which is suggestive of earlier efforts of the composer in the same line. It is at least melodious and attractive. So far as the story and fun are concerned, the work is simply a second edition of the adventures of our old friend Foxy Quiller of the Highwayman. Foxy ought to have been a Highlander, as his peculiar species of humor consists in referring to himself always in the third person. The orchestral scoring shows a sad falling off as compared with that of Robin Hood, Rob Roy and the Fencing Master. Mr. Jerome Sykes in the title role was the life of the piece and the center of interest. His humor is unctuous and quiet, and his special gifts as a comedian enable him to make a popular hit with a role that would prove a failure in many other hands. Certainly the audience gave evidence of being highly amused by his dialogue, which is a development of the idea exploited in the Highwayman on the line of "And so saying the astute F. Quiller scratched his left ankle with his right foot." The other artists were Julius Stoger, who contributed some of the best singing of the evening; Helen Bertram, an old favorite here; the comic opera stars, Adolph Zick, a diminutive being, described as the world-famous Japanese dwarf, and Grace Cameron and Georgia Gaine, two ladies with light and pretty voices.

The following new anecdote is told about the late Bizet and the famous Toreador song in Carmen. The lamented composer of Carmen was a slave to local color. For weeks he cudgelled his brains in vain, the song of Escamillo would not come to him. "Why don't you go to Spain?" asked Saint-Saens, as the two were watching Renan in an extraordinary pas seul at a students' ball. "Lend me the money," replied Bizet, with a nudge toward the amusement of Verolaine, who, heavily charged with absinthe, happened to stand near them. "Why don't you go to Normandy?" answered Camille, with Gallic tact. The next day Bizet was watching a bull on a Normandy farm owned by an uncle of De Maupassant. The bull was sluggish, Bizet removed and shook the red waistcoat which, on worn by poor Gautier at the first night of Ernani, was rescued reverently from a pawnshop by the composer. The bull was immediately in action. Two minutes after Bizet on the top of a curiously twisted apple tree was jostling down on a cuff the world-famous refrain "To-re-a-dor." The farmer did not come for the bull till sunset, and the composer had ample time to harmonize the theme and sketch the orchestration. Saint-Saens was the first to congratulate Bizet on his return. A very elaborate yarn, truly!

According to the New York "Evening Post," it costs a great deal of money to run a first-class orchestra of ninety men like that of Theodore Thomas in Chicago. The expense is about \$140,000 a year, and the receipts \$90,000. The balance is paid by some wealthy patrons, and Chicago is proud of the orchestra and its leader. Musicians receive so much better pay in the United States than abroad that even if the Auditorium were sold out at each Thomas concert, the receipts would still fail to cover the expenses. It is easy to understand now why we don't have an orchestra in Toronto.

The critic of the "Berliner Tageblatt," Dr. Leopold Schmidt, who has not heretofore been an admirer of Liszt's symphonic poems, admits now that these works, as performed by a conductor like Weingartner, will be likely to make more and more impression on concert-goers, and that they now always arouse enthusiasm. Luckily, Weingartner does not confine his missionary work to Berlin, but gives orchestral concerts in various German cities. In Frankfurt he recently conducted Maseppa, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Mr. Finck of New York laments the fact that the city is so poorly equipped with conductors that Liszt suffers. There is no end, he says of Berlioz, and Franck, and Richard Strauss, while Liszt, a greater man than the three combined, is ignored. The time will come, he thinks, when Liszt's music will play as great a role in the concert hall as Wagner's does now in the opera house.

What American girls who wish to make their operatic debut in Italy have to put up with is graphically illustrated by the account given in the

"Italian Gazette" of Florence of February 16. Miss Harriet Gertrude Goddard of Boston was to appear as Elsa in Lohengrin at Modena. On the ground that her pronunciation was faulty at times, the orchestral conductor at the last moment notified the management that she would not be allowed to sing. A lawyer was promptly secured, and a suit filed for damages for breach of contract. This brought the management to terms, and the performance was given. The newspapers had taken up the matter, and there was great excitement. The conductor remained hostile, and refused to let the singer give an encore, and the theatre was also obstreperous. But the audience was for the most part on the singer's side, and some cried, "Down with the conductor!" "Down with the directors!" In the end, according to the "Gazette," the American girl triumphed over all opposition. She is said to have a beautiful voice and a fine stage presence.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, The Emerald Isle is now in active rehearsal at the Savoy, London. Such numbers as the late composer left untouched have been set by Mr. Edward German, who has also completed about half the orchestration. This latter part of Mr. German's work is of no small account, for Sir Arthur only left behind him full scores of three numbers of the opera. It is pleasant to hear that the supplementary portion of the Emerald Isle is highly spoken of by those who have heard it. Mr. German, we are told, is making no attempt to imitate the style of the musician whose work he is preparing for performance. The temptation to do so may have presented itself, but Mr. German has chosen to be himself and to allow his musical manner to speak for him in the opera which he is so industriously bringing to completion.

Mr. Godfrey has limited himself to writing only two patriotic songs this year. One is the already well-known "Greeting to the King," which has been received with enthusiasm when ever sung. It will be sung on Easter Monday next at the Festival of the Lilies, at Massey Hall, by a chorus of 1,000 voices, accompanied by a military band. The other song is entitled "Prince George," and of course refers to Prince George of Wales, Duke of York and Cornwall. Although written in view of Prince George's approaching visit, it may be sung at any time, and already has a considerable sale, which is sure to increase, as it is easy and catchy. Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge street, are the publishers.

A good programme was given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by pupils of F. H. Torrington, T. C. Jeffers and Edward Barton. The numbers were as follows: Rheinhold, Impromptu, Mae Van Wyck; Henselt, If I Were a Bird, Jessie Allen; Chopin, Rondot, two pianos,

Mr. Percy Hook and Mr. Charles Eggett; Horrocks, The Bird and the Rose, vocal, Miss Middleton; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance No. 2, Misses Long; Saint-Saens, Dance Macabre, two pianos, Messrs. Hook and Eggett; Loder, The Diver, Mr. J. F. Tilley; Heymann, Elfenpfeil, Miriam Thompson.

An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on the evening of the 22nd inst. by Miss Frances Morris, A.T.C.M., assisted by Miss Kate Archer, violinist; Mrs. Seymour Hamby, soprano; Miss Violet Smith, contralto; and Miss Wetherald, elocutionist, each of whom contributed acceptable numbers to the artistic programme rendered by Miss Morris. The recital was given under the auspices of the College Literary Society.

The West Presbyterian Church choir intend giving their second annual service of praise since the appointment of Mr. W. F. Tasker as organist and choirmaster, on the 29th of this month. The programme will be more ambitious than that of the former occasion, including among other numbers Max Bruch's Jubilate Amen and Gounod's Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting. The latter will be given with trumps, harp and boy choir, in addition to the church choir and organ. The following artists will assist at the service: Miss Webster, soprano, soloist of Queen Street Methodist Church; Mr. Charles Crabtree, tenor; Mr. Percy L. Bailey, violinist, and Mr. S. Douglas, cornet soloist.

College Street Presbyterian Church will give a service of praise on Tuesday evening, April 9. The principal assisting vocalists are Mrs. H. W. Parker and Mr. Oscar Wenburne.

Last Saturday, at the regular afternoon recital at the Toronto College of Music, the following programme was given, the teachers represented being Mr. Barton, Mr. Hook, Mr. Atkinson, Mrs. Mallon, Mrs. Howson, Miss Taylor, Miss Landell, Richardson and Tait; ham, Landell, Richardson and Tait; Schubert, Serenade, vocal, Mabel Robinson; Goettermann, Cantilena, (cello, Miss Gibbs; Cowan, Promise of Life, vocal, Pearl Davis; Kuhlau, Sonatina, op. 20, No. 1, Evelyn Sloan; (a) Mendelssohn, Spring Song, (b) Haydn, Adagio, Ida Ireland; Kyeuff, Last Night, vocal, Margaret Nelson; Leybach, Fifth Nocturne, Mary Miller; (c) Goddard, Berceuse, (d) Marie, Serenade, (cello, Jarvis Kennedy; Chopin, Polonaise C sharp minor, Ethel Kennedy; Haberer, Barcarole, Miss Clegborn; Liszt, Consolation No. 3, Marion Bradley; Moszkowski, duet, Misses Cameron and Thwaitte; Vannah, Good-bye, Sweet Day, vocal, Mrs. Walker; Gatty, Remembrance, Ethel Hay; Nevvin, Shepherds and Angels, Mrs. Pauline Ross; Rodney, Calvary, Mary Miller; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor, Nellie Gilmour; Beethoven, Waltz, op. 69, No. 1, Violet Cooper; Diabelli, duet, Elsie Banks and Miss Tait.

The New York "Musical Courier" reminds us of the fact that Verdi wrote a string quartet—his only work of the kind—in 1873. The quartet was recently played in Boston, and a local critic says of it: "Nor is this quartet trivial. There is skilful contrapuntal writing as well as melody, vocal harmonies and firm color. The second movement is of conspicuous beauty. The third movement is picturesque, Azucena, young and in coquettish mood, listens to the love-song of a Spaniard. The finale is an important document to illustrate the technical growth of a genius, to prove that in 1873 Verdi was on easy terms with canon and fugue. The work is more than a curiosity; it is more than a

miniature done patiently by a frescoer. It is so free from pretension and labor; you do not hear the composer saying, 'Now, I'll show you what I can do.'"  
CHERUBINO.

### Festival of The Lilies.

The plan of reserved seats for the Festival of the Lilies, to be given in Massey Music Hall, was opened on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and in three hours three-quarters of all the seats were sold, which is the best evidence of the popularity of this delightful Easter entertainment. An interesting feature of the programme will be a recitation by Miss Luella Hunt, specially written for the occasion by Mrs. Jean Blewett. Luella Hunt is the little girl who delivered the address to Lord Strathcona at the banquet in the Pavilion a short time ago. Another item of importance will be the singing of the boys' choir of Sherbourne Street Church, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Blakeley. The band of the Royal Grenadiers will accompany the choruses.

### The Foreman Was Nervous.

A rather large, forbidding looking colored man was being tried in Boston for burglary. When brought face to face with the jury he showed unmistakable signs of fear. The foreman of the jury was a small man and very nervous. After the taking of evidence was closed the twelve men were instructed in the method of rendering their verdict, retired for consultation, and in due time returned into court. "Gentlemen of the jury," cried the clerk in stentorian tones, "have you agreed on your verdict?" "We have," was the answer.

"Who shall say for you?" "The foreman."

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up. Hold up your right hand." The colored prisoner did as he was told, trembling from head to foot.

"Gentlemen, look upon the prisoner at the bar."

At this moment the foreman arose to his feet and tried very hard to look the culprit through and through.

"How say you, gentlemen? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted or not guilty?"

"Not guilty of burglary, guilty of murder," the foreman shouted.

"What's that verdict?" exclaimed the Judge, who could hardly believe his ears.

"I mean," stammered the foreman, "not guilty of burglary, guilty of larceny."

"Oh," went over the court-room in a subdued rumble, while the prisoner, relieved, gathered himself together to receive sentence.

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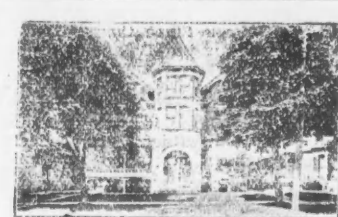
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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Kennedy of Guelph are visiting Mrs. F. W. Hudson of 71 Beatty avenue.

Mrs. Charles T. Pearce (nee Astley) will receive on the first and third Mondays at her residence, 3 Ancroft place, Rosedale.

Mr. W. H. Miln left Toronto yesterday for New York, en route to London via Cunard S.S. Lucania, which sails to-day from that port. Mr. G. P. Breckon sails to-day from New York on S.S. Lucania. Mr. Ernest N. Lubbock of the Bank of British North America is off for a short holiday in England. He sails from New York to-day on the Cunarder Lucania.

Mr. Mower Martin, R.C.A., who has been away from Toronto for the past two years, writes from the west coast of British Columbia respecting art matters in that section. An exhibition by local artists in Vancouver attracted considerable attention and was fairly successful. Messrs. Ferris and De Forrest, Mrs. Balfour Ker and Mrs. L. Davies were among the principal contributors. Mr. Martin himself has been exploring and sketching the beautiful scenery bordering on Puget Sound and the Straits of Fuca, as well as the Olympian and Cascade Mountain ranges, with the famous peaks of Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier as chief centers of interest. He has collected many studies of the coast Indians and their curious and picturesque canoes, and intends to journey along the northern shore of British Columbia to Alaska to get pictures of the Indian tribes there and their strange and grotesque totem poles, as well as to study the many glaciers and mountains of that region. Mr. Martin has lately sent down to Toronto a consignment of his work of the past two years, which will be on view shortly at the Matthews gallery in Yonge street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rough and her children, of Winnipeg, are the guests of Mrs. Muldrew of 239 Huron street, city.

The pianoforte recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt was both interesting and successful, the following comprehensive programme being performed in an able and artistic manner: Moszkowski's Concerto in E major, op. 59 (first movement), played by Mr. Douglas H. Bertram, with orchestral accompaniment; second piano by Miss Eugenie Quehen (first public performance in Toronto); Chopin's Etude in F minor, op. 25, No. 2, and Etude in G flat, op. 25, No. 9, Mendelssohn's Presto from Fantasia in F sharp minor, op. 28, played by Miss Eugenie Quehen; Clarence Lucas' Prelude and Fugue, op. 38, Mr. Douglas H. Bertram; Wagner-Liszt's Tannhauser March, Mr. Leslie J. Hodgson; Strauss' Tausig, Valse Caprice, "Man Lebt Nur Einmal," Miss Alice M. Robinson; Tschalkowsky's Concerto in B flat minor, op. 23, Miss Eugenie Quehen, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mr. Bertram.

The date of the organ recital in the Conservatory Music Hall by William C. Carl of New York has been fixed for Sunday, April 22. Tickets may be obtained at the Conservatory of Music or at the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, King street east.

The new cavalry corps to be known as the Toronto Mounted Rifles is now being formed, recruiting is going on, and the corps will, it is hoped, be up to its full force in time for the brigade camp at Niagara in June. Dr. George A. Peters, who has been such a valuable officer of the Body Guard, has been recommended by the D.O.C. as major in command of the new corps and Mr. Hume Blake is to be second in command as captain. The uniform is to be very trim and soldierly, with all the new improvements which have been learned through the practical experience of the past nearly two years in South Africa.

Mrs. Archie Hay of Owen Sound, who has been so seriously ill in hospital here, has returned home, quite restored to health, this week.

Mrs. Osler of Cobourg, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gibson, in Bloor street, has returned home.

A very charming Canadian who has made a success on the operatic stage in England is Miss Gertrude McKenzie, who is now taking a well-deserved rest with her parents at their home, 53 West Roxborough street.

Some of the white-robed maidens who will wait on the cosy luncheon tables at St. James' Schoolhouse, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Fred Grassett and her sister, Mrs. Payne, are Miss Smith at the tea-table, Miss Agnes Vickers, the Misses Smith, Miss Queenie Strathy, Miss Burnside, Miss Alice Boyd, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Sophy Hagarty and Miss Rutherford.

Two engagements are being freely discussed. One concerns the daughter of a Toronto millionaire, and a popular young society man; the other a graceful young lady on the west side, and a young widower. The latter has been informally announced; the former I have not yet had definite confirmation of. More anon.

A very bright and delightful At Home was given by the Literary Society of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute last Friday afternoon, at which a large and pleasant gathering enjoyed the affair.

Among the millinery which has absorbed the attention of shoppers this spring Stitt has shown some of the most lovely things. An artistic bride, who had purchased her wedding tour chapeau at another place fell in love with one of Stitt's hats and promptly bought it. "Couldn't resist it," was her only excuse for this extravagance. Another very smart and becoming lot of hats was shown at Catto's some time ago. The coats and gowns at this big shop are excellent this year, and some lovely summer things have already been jealously hidden away by prompt purchasers for Horse Show

week. A third shop to which purchasers go with much confidence, especially for millinery and blouses, is McKendry's. The hats and bonnets are in excellent taste, and most reasonable in price—and a great variety of blouses is exhibited.

The Good Friday lecture given by Mr. Frederic Villiers on Kruger and Khaki gave an opportunity to a good many to secure seats who were unable to do so for the previous delivery of the lecture. The splendid lantern slides are always very enthusiastically received by the audience, and Mr. Villiers' lecture is most interesting.

Mr. Harry Fearman of Hamilton was in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. and Miss Henderson have removed from 77 St. Joseph street to Mrs. Bradley's pension, 142 Bloor west. Mrs. S. G. Wood sails for England on May 18 to spend the summer. Miss Grace Huson Murray is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Stephen Baldwin, in Montreal. Mrs. Briggs of Kingston has been the guest of her brother, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy.

Mrs. Johnston (nee Ince), has leased Cedarhurst, Mr. James Crowther's Cobourg residence for the summer, and will have a large pension during the season.

The Natural Food Company of Niagara Falls, N.Y., who have been holding cooking classes in the Guild Hall, McGill street, for the past fortnight, are giving an afternoon tea in the Guild Parlors on Tuesday afternoon, at which guests will be regaled with the various special good things to eat which are the pride of the Natural Food Company. The School of Domestic Science students will act as waitresses at the tea, and D'Alessandro's orchestra will furnish music.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
Hurst—At Grace Hospital, the wife of Aubrey O. Hurst, 18 Close avenue, on Thursday, March 29th, a daughter, Scott—April 2nd, Mrs. Charles Duff Scott, Toronto, a son.  
Campbell—April 2nd, Mrs. Archibald H. Campbell, Toronto, a son.  
Hamilton—March 26th, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, Toronto, son and daughter, daughter still-born.  
Clarke—March 27th, Mrs. W. H. Clarke, Deer Park, a daughter.  
Graydon—March 29th, Mrs. R. A. Graydon, Toronto, a son.  
Strickland—April 1st, Mrs. Walter D. E. Strickland, Toronto, a son.

**Marriages.**  
Roberts—Alexander—April 2nd, at Toronto, Charles Roberts, M.A., LL.B., to Jessie Alexander.

**Deaths.**  
Sheppard—At Guelph, on April 1st, Elizabeth, relict of the late W. H. Sheppard, of this city, aged 77 years.  
Lowe—April 2nd, at Toronto, Emily Lowe.  
Barton—April 1st, at Toronto, Bruce Mortlake Barton, in his 3rd year.  
Vickery—March 21st, at Stouffville, Rev. John Vickery, in his 50th year.  
Mitchell—March 21st, at Toronto, Jean Alexandra Mitchell, aged 2 years.  
Clarke—March 30th, at Deer Park, Ella Lois, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clarke.  
Duncan—March 29th, at Lindsay, Annie Borwick Duncan.  
Papps—March 31st, at Hamilton, Alice Marguerite Papps, in her nineteenth year.  
Pujolas—March 30th, at Toronto, Ann Pujolas.  
Fortin—March 29th, at Victoria, B.C., John Fortin, in his 75th year.  
Twiddle—March 29th, at Fergus, Joseph Twiddle, aged 81 years.  
Fox—March 21st, at Owen Sound, John Fox, Sr., in his 80th year.

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Band of the Royal Grenadiers.  
Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 50c. Plan at Massey Music Hall.

## Special for Easter.

MRS. E. WOLFE has just returned from New York City with a full line of the latest designs in Taffeta Silk Waists, ranging in price from \$1.00 up. Also a lot of the latest novelties in fancy embroidered Shirt Waists, Millinery, Tailor-Made Costumes and Spring Jackets. Your inspection is respectfully invited.

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To the man who wants to pay \$35.00 to \$50.00 for his Overcoat at some high-priced tailor's we have nothing to say—but to the man who wants all the style and value at half that money—we have the garments here at the right price. We know whereof we speak. No cheap or medium-priced tailor can approach us on cut, style or fit.

Our Clothing has educated many as to what can be accomplished in garments and money saved. Prejudice stops many who have never tried, but the same men think nothing of buying shoes ready made.

We have appealed for your trade on sound business principles—We give no fake prices—or fake bargain sales—the people who are looking for "something for nothing" need not come here, as we do not mark goods up to mark them down to catch their dollar.

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Your money back if you want it."

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## Raglans.

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Our Best Garments Are Silk-lined Throughout.

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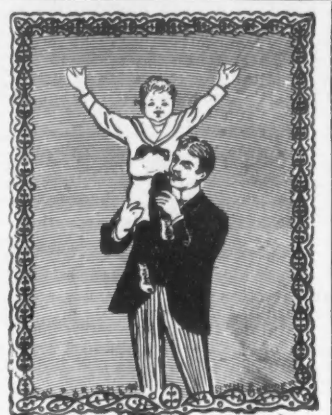
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Shirts, exclusive patterns, \$1.00 to \$2.50.  
Underwear, per suit, \$1.00 to \$10.00.

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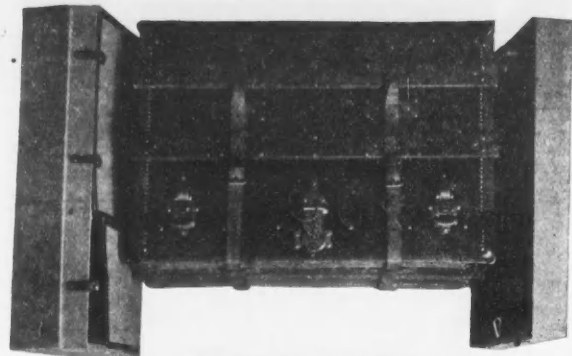


## A Land Rich with Opportunities.

**I**N connection with the proposed Manitoulin and North Shore Railway, from Meaford to Little Current, by way of Owen Sound and the Bruce Peninsula, for which Government assistance is being asked, the following extracts from an address delivered by Mr. Francis H. Clergue before the Board of Trade of Sault Ste. Marie last month are worthy of reproduction:

"What course shall be followed to compel the most speedy and efficacious development and population of this vast territory should be the constant concern of the Governments of Canada. I maintain that the immigration projects of the Dominion and Provincial Governments have been worse than useless; they have simply wasted the people's money in bringing laborers to a market already glutted with laborers. Let the Governments, by judicious general laws and by special grants of wild lands where justifiable, tempt the capitalist and the manufacturer to establish works for the utilization of these Canadian raw materials, and then they will have established an agency for immigration more efficacious than a region of lectures and a million maps. Several proofs of my contention are now before the public eye. The Province of Ontario some time ago offered a bonus of \$1 per ton on pig iron made in the province from Ontario ore. The Hamilton furnace immediately resulted; the Deseronto furnace followed; the Midland furnace has just gone into blast, while the Sault furnaces are now under construction. All of these furnaces were partly induced by the bounty, so that while the first one enjoyed it for a time, the others have now reduced it to 25 cents per ton. The slight stimulus thus afforded by the province at a total outlay of only \$125,000 has excited the investment of over \$2,000,000 in blast furnaces, employing in a new industry at high wages, from mines to pig metal, over 2,000 men locally, besides the traffic to Canadian ships and railways.

"The latest instance is that of the land grant to the Algoma Central Railway. This measure, when it became law in the Provincial Parliament, seemed to have the popular approval of the citizens of the province. The region traversed by the Algoma Central Railway was unknown and inaccessible, except to the woodsman inured to Indian hardships. In consideration of the opening up of this region for settlement by the construction of the Algoma Central Railway, the Government has donated to that company a large area along its line. With the expectation of securing a profit from the forests growing on these lands, and from the products of the soil after cutting off the forests, the construction of the Algoma Central has been undertaken. At present 12 miles of this railway have been completed, and are in operation between Michipicoten harbor and the Helen mine. Forty miles to a connection with the Canadian Pacific are under construction. Twenty-five miles of the main line from Sault Ste. Marie northwest are in operation and 50 miles are partly completed. The total expenditures on account of this construction have already exceeded three millions of dollars, and the sum necessary to complete the road will probably exceed five millions of dollars. This investment of eight millions of dollars involves an annual interest charge of about five hundred thousand dollars, and this amount of net profit annually must be derived from the lands granted by the Government, since no other business for the traffic of the road now exists in the region. To cause the land grant to realize this profit the railway company must populate the land and establish various manufacturing for the use of forest products, build furnaces and reduction works to utilize the ore, and establish thousands of farmers to till the soil. All of these undertakings must be originated by the railway company to secure the necessary income. To do so will require additional investments of large sums and untiring energy in inducing people to come to this raw country as permanent settlers. I estimate that it will take the labors of 25,000 people contributing solely to the traffic of the Algoma Central Railway to earn interest on the cost of its construction. Twenty-five thousand laborers will support a population of 100,000, and when these 25,000 laborers have become scattered in different industries between Sault Ste. Marie and the northern limit of the Algoma Central, the very efforts of this large population, installed at the private expense of the railway company, will have made the lands of the Government equal in value to those of the railway company, and will thus have made valuable an asset of the people otherwise worthless. Who will say this is not the wisest course for the Government to pursue in seeking to accomplish the population of the country and the development of its resources? I believe that no party can remain in power, and that no party can take power, who will oppose measures so plainly in the public interest. Ask the laborers of Sydney, and of the hundred different manufacturers in Canada who have contributed materials to the Sydney works, if they disapprove of the steel bounty. Ask the question in Hamilton, in Midland, in Sault Ste. Marie, and you will have but one answer—the measure was wise, and is resulting more than the expected benefits. But the policy of land grants to railways is vastly more far-reaching than the promotion



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of a single interest, and a land grant is of vastly greater benefit to the country, and ultimately better for the railway company, than a cash subsidy. What is populating the prairie and western country of Canada? The efforts of the Immigration Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway to induce immigration to the lands owned by that railway. Why is that part of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Sudbury and Port Arthur practically without an inhabitant? Because for that part of the railway only a cash subsidy was taken, and there the Canadian Pacific Railway has no direct interest in populating the land.

"Everybody now admits that the wisest legislation ever enacted by Canada was when she resolved to make a success of the Canadian Pacific Railway by public aid, but with that accomplishment the public seemed to feel enough had been done. Not so. If half a dozen railways between the lakes and Hudson Bay can be built on land grants, I advocate granting the land. If a dozen railways can be built from the Atlantic to the Pacific over Canadian territory on land grants, I say, give them the land. By no other course will Canada so soon feel the stirring of the pulse with the fresh, vigorous life-blood of new people.

"Let me summarize the conditions which the captious critic would discover here. He would find that in the different lines of industry we had expended here in the neighborhood of nine millions of dollars cash, all of which has been foreign money injected into the circulating medium of Canada to remain forever to the everlasting blessing of thousands of its inhabitants; that the completion and successful operation of our undertaking will require the expenditure of a

sum nearly as large; that several thousands of inhabitants had found new employment in these undertakings at a higher scale of wages than had ever before prevailed in Canada; that the passenger earnings of the little Canadian Pacific station at Sault Ste. Marie, which were \$15,000 in the year 1895, had grown to \$31,000 in the year 1900; that the freight earnings of the same little station had grown from \$25,000 in 1895 to \$142,000 in 1900; that all the Canadian steamship lines operating to Sault Ste. Marie had to put on additional steamers and that they were still unable to carry all the freight we required; that our works sent over \$300,000 in cash to Georgian Bay ports in last year purchases; that we sent nearly as much to Hamilton, and nearly as much to Toronto; that the machinery and electrical supplies that we have purchased from Peterboro' have amounted to over \$100,000; that Brantford, Galt, Dundas, and every other Ontario town engaged in mechanical manufactures had received from twenty-five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars of patronage from us; that our requirements had advanced the price of horses and nearly all farm products in that part of Ontario tributary to Sault Ste. Marie. In fact, for the year 1900 we expended in farm products and manufactured materials more than one million of dollars in the Province of Ontario alone, besides a very large sum in the Province of Quebec. By looking over our estimates for the year 1901 he would see that our requirements of a similar character from Southern Ontario will amount to more than two million of dollars, and that additional steamship lines are being inaugurated from Georgian Bay and Lake Huron points to Sault Ste. Marie on the opening of navigation. That the railways entering the American Soo have announced additional passenger train service to bring impatient travelers to Sault Ste. Marie, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway is putting on an additional passenger service to Sault Ste. Marie for the same purpose. Looking over our office staff he would find scientific and classical graduates from every college in Canada, clerks from nearly every bank in Canada, and accountants from almost every city in Ontario. Among the artisans, mechanics, and laborers he will find nearly every town and city in Ontario represented, and all of these people have assembled here because they found the rewards of labor greater than elsewhere.

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## Hard on the Physicians.

A Hoosier Falls correspondent writes to the Troy "Times": "Quotations from tombstones in graveyards seem to figure prominently of late in the Troy 'Times' and other leading newspapers of to-day, and suggest that this village, being always up to date, has a contribution to offer that may be worthy of a place among the most old and quaint, and which can be seen and read at any time in the daylight. In Maple Grove Cemetery, south of the postoffice, there is a headstone upon which is the following:

"Her body was stolen by fiendish men,  
Her Bones anatomized;  
Her Soul, we trust, has risen to God,  
Where few Physicians Rise."

and the cordial sympathy of the people and the public men of Canada, but an ambition which will conceive such things will be quickly killed, and the courage which will carry them out will be quickly chilled, if, as soon as energetic action gives evidence of the serious intention of carrying the projects through, political interests make them the object of attack. But I am full of confidence, and just such genuine and cordial applause as you give me here I hope to deserve of all Canadians for many a year to come."

## Mr. Humble's New Position

Mr. T. M. Humble has been appointed the western representative of "La Presse" of Montreal. The appointment should be satisfactory on both sides. "La Presse" is a great paper, and Humble is a good man for the position.